HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVIII.—No. 910.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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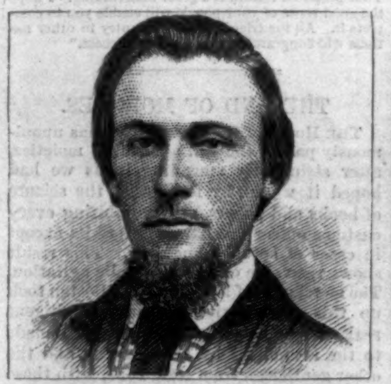
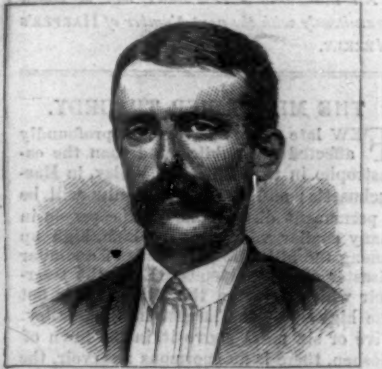
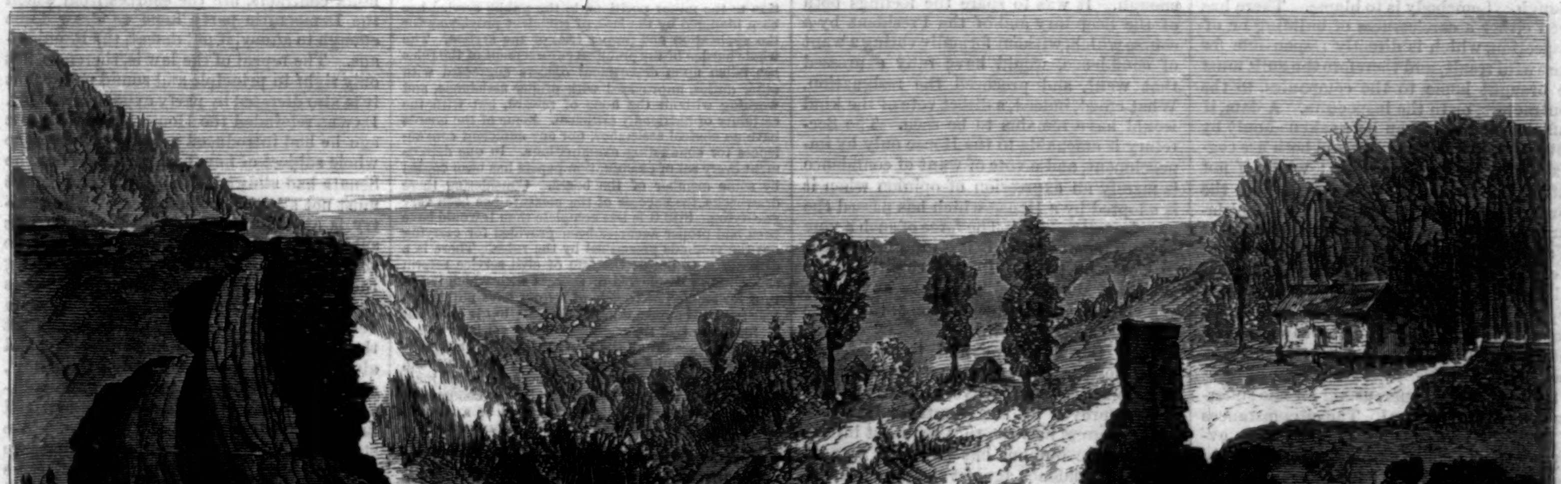


GEORGE CHENEY.



COLLINS GRAVES.

THE RACE WITH THE FLOOD.



THE BROKEN DAM—FROM THE BED OF THE RESERVOIR.

THE MILL RIVER CALAMITY.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 473.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874.

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THE MILL RIVER TRAGEDY.

FEW late events have more profoundly affected the public mind than the catastrophe in the Mill River Valley, in Massachusetts; and one of its results will be a permanent distrust among the people in many similar valleys, over which, high up among the hills, the possibility of a similar disaster forever impends. Even the reservoir which burst on the Mill River is not the highest or the largest in that valley. Five or six miles above it, in the town of Goshen, there is an enormous reservoir, the dam of which is higher than Mount Holyoke, which is visible in the Connecticut Valley far below. Should this dam break when the reservoir is full, the fall of the water down a valley so steep in the upper part as to be almost a precipice would produce incalculable ravage. We hear from Williamsburg, indeed, that the valley itself is ruined by the flood, the mass of sand, gravel, and débris having entirely buried the fertile soil over vast tracts of country. When this actual destruction is considered, the extent of the recent misfortune may be more truly estimated. It is not swift and horrible death only, nor the loss of property and material, but the ruin of the region, the final desolation of the country, as of fertile fields obliterated by a huge land-slide, which is so pitiful.

The first and universal reflection is that this disaster was in no sense what is called "a visitation of God," except as every event, good or bad, may be so called. The reason is evident, and it is simply that the wall which stayed the water was not strong enough. Somebody is to blame. There has been either a carelessness of building or of inspection, which is directly responsible for the awful result, and therefore the guilt must be brought home to the companies, to the contractors, or to the inspectors. A dam, if sufficiently strong, can be weakened only by natural or artificial means, and both are cognizable by proper inspection; while, if not sufficiently strong, the engineers and the contractors are responsible. The Legislature of Massachusetts, which is fortunately in session, has taken the matter in hand, and a coroner's jury of the neighborhood, carefully composed of six intelligent and thoroughly competent persons, has been summoned, and will spare no pains to search out the facts and expose the guilty authors of the tragedy.

Sympathy and generous aid for the sufferers have been universal. The circumstances of the disaster were such as appealed to every heart, and contributions have poured in from all sides. It will have unquestionably other and most beneficial effects in securing beyond doubt all dams that are now building, and in causing the most rigid inspection of those that are already standing. In certain parts of hilly New England, as we have said, all the valleys have reservoirs of this kind for the use of the mills that are scattered through that country, and we presume that since the fatal Saturday in the Mill River Valley there has been a thorough inquisition. It is for the Legislature to decide how large such reservoirs may properly be, and whether, with due regard to the public safety, they can be left wholly to private supervision. There is another moral which has been well and eloquently urged by the daily press, and that is the sure consequences of the American habit of shiftlessness, of running for luck, of trusting that the bridge will stand for this train—of, in fact, the devil take the hindmost. But all such disasters bring the utmost discredit upon our favorite American principle of private self-reliance. If this is the way private interest and care provide for the public welfare, the friends of paternal governments will not be in any haste to relinquish their preference. If practice under our principles results in less respect for human life, the principles themselves will be discarded.

DECORATION-DAY.

THE observance of Decoration-day will this year be peculiarly marked by tender mention of the soldiers in gray. There has never been any tone of asperity or hostility in the memorial addresses, but affection and reverence were naturally given to those whose cause was also ours. The inclusion of the dead of the lost cause in the pious services of the day will be one of those little but powerful bonds that draw the whole country together for its healing. It was the forecast of this sentiment which led Mr. SUMNER to move the erasure of the names of domestic battles from the flags of the regular army; and he did so, it will be remembered, in the second year of the war. This fact will not be forgotten in the earnest addresses which this beautiful day always calls forth. But none of the orators will express this feeling of friendly union in respect for the memory of the dead of the war more eloquently than a soldier of the other side, Major THOMAS G. JONES, who said on the late Confederate Decoration-day in Montgomery, Alabama:

"And while we ponder thus the mind carries us Northward, where the tombs—not of our dead—are whiter than the sands of the sea and more numerous than the stars in the heavens. In them lie men of the same race as ourselves—who spoke the same language and worshiped the same God. Fond mothers sent them to battle, and tender tears and agonizing prayers watched their pathway. They followed a flag that was as dear to them as was to us the 'star-crossed banner that has long since taken its flight to greet the warrior's soul;' and he that worthily speaks for the dead or living must say that no feeling of hate to the Northern dead, or those who mourn them, pervades this Memorial Day! One touch of pity makes the whole world kin. From scenes like this, where the warring sections mourn their dead, let the statesman draw inspiration to guide the living."

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE Committee on Ways and Means, in its report upon the SANBORN contracts, denounced "severely" the carelessness of the Secretary of the Treasury and his immediate assistants, but exonerated them from the charge of corruption, and confessed that it could not precisely determine where the responsibility of those iniquities lay. This was the chief committee of a Republican House speaking of the Republican head of the Treasury, and saying that he was culpably careless in the discharge of his duties. It did not occur to us that a gentleman so censured could consent to remain in his position, and we assumed that he would retire. But the assumption was incorrect. Yet the intention of the committee was evident enough. It was to spare the feelings both of the Secretary and of the President by a course which, without formally voting a want of confidence, would have fully expressed that want, and procured the resignation. What effect, indeed, a direct vote of the kind would have remains to be seen. The Secretary is amenable to the House only by impeachment, and a vote of want of confidence is merely an expression of opinion when it is adopted by a House which has passed the appropriation bills. The force of such a vote in Parliament is that it is an implied threat to close the purse. In this country if the President should decline to take any notice of a vote of censure, the position of the House might be a little absurd.

Both the President and the Secretary must, however, be aware that the report of the Committee on Ways and Means has been approved by the country, and, whatever Congress may do, that the most intelligent public opinion has passed a vote of want of confidence against the present management of the Treasury. The reported remark of the President, that he would not remove the Secretary while he was under fire, we take to be a pleasant fiction, unless the word "unjustly" has dropped out of the story. If he thinks the Secretary has been unjustly condemned by the Committee on Ways and Means and by the press—that is to say, if the President thinks that the Secretary has not been careless, but, on the contrary, scrupulously careful—then he believes him to be unjustly under fire, and properly refuses to remove him. But in that case the President's theory of official carefulness would be an interesting study. Fidelity to his friends is one of the good qualities of the President. The harder the storm, the closer he clings. His personality, so to speak, is like JACKSON'S, very strongly marked. And in both instances its consequences are neither unamiable nor unhandsome. That it sometimes perplexes his official relations is true. That in a high sense the President should be no respecter of persons is evident. That if he permits personal regard to control his official duty he is culpable, is not to be denied. But if the reader will couple this chivalric feeling of fidelity with the kind of personal relation that necessarily exists between a President and a member of his cabinet, he will see that it is not wholly easy, however necessary and right, that the President should demand a resignation.

But if the House should formally censure the Secretary—as it will if it adopts the report upon the SANBORN contracts—even if it should not vote a want of confidence, the President will undoubtedly ask the Secretary's resignation. Whatever his private and personal regard for the man may be, he could not help seeing that such an officer, censured by Congress and the country, brings his administration into contempt. The most prominent questions are now those of the Treasury—questions of finance, economy, currency, trade; and the country naturally expects a master of such subjects at the head of the Treasury, as in a time of serious foreign complications it would expect to see in the State Department not a man who had shown great diplomatic incapacity and profound ignorance of international law, but a trained and able Secretary. We wish for the Secretary of the Treasury's sake that he had retired, as we had expected, upon the presentation of the report.

APPROPRIATION FOR CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE House Committee on the Civil Service has recommended the continued appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars for the Civil Service Commission, nor will any sensible man think it too large a sum for so great an experiment. The report of the Chief Examiner, E. O. GRAVES, Esq., to the Commission gives an admirable summary of the details and the results of the year, showing the intelligent method in which the rules have been put in operation, and, with the report of the Commission itself, answers some of the common but wild and ignorant objections urged against the reform. He praises in what we believe to be deserved terms the Department Boards of Examiners for their fidelity and discretion, and he asserts that the testimony in favor of the competitive system and of extending its operation is almost unanimous. It has secured better men for the service than the old system of influence, and has, therefore, proved that capacity can be tested by the examination and by probation. Mr. GRAVES hopes earnestly that the area of the reform may be extended—a hope in which we most earnestly join. And if within the sphere of the examinations the same results are annually reached, the argument for the reform will be immensely strengthened.

Mr. GRAVES says:

"The complete success of the reform in its application to the minor positions in the public service has been hindered by the lack of sufficient provisions for the application and proper trial of the system. The whole burden of the practical enforcement of the rules has fallen upon department officers engrossed with other duties, unprovided with proper assistance, and working without the hope of reward, but with the certainty of unfriendly criticism. Some of the boards have no clerical assistance, nor any sufficient conveniences for conducting examinations. In one department every set of examination papers has been copied by some member of the board. Considering these drawbacks, the success of the measure has been very gratifying. Still it is less complete than it would have been had proper agencies been provided for carrying out the methods prescribed by the rules. There is a disposition to decide the fate of civil service reform according to the degree of success with which it has thus far met. The friends of reform have nothing to fear from the application of this test; but it must not be forgotten that the measure has not yet been so applied as to secure all the good results of which it is capable. The sphere of its application has been small, and the agencies to which it has been intrusted inadequate. The true test to apply to it is to compare its results not with the imaginary results of a theoretically perfect system, but with the actual notorious results of the system which it has to some extent supplanted. Judged by this standard, even the inadequate trial which has been accorded to it has demonstrated its great advantages. The time has come when it should be treated by all branches of the government with the liberality and consideration due to a great and needed reform, to which the people of this country are committed by the formal declarations of both of their great political parties, and which has enlisted the sympathies of all earnest and intelligent men who desire to correct the abuses of the public service due to vicious methods of appointment."

If the President felt this as strongly as the Chief Examiner and other friends of reform, "all branches of the government," in the executive department at least, would be of one purpose. Mr. GRAVES means, of course, Congress. But has the President yet shown to Congress his inflexible resolution that the service shall be reformed upon the principles and in the manner that he has formally approved? Did he not in his annual Message distinctly state that to have any rules effective, they must have the acquiescence of Congress? This was followed by a request that rules might be devised which could be maintained. This seems to us to have been a reference of the whole subject to Congress; and why should Congress hasten to take the mass of the offices "out of politics" when it sees the President appointing Mr. SIMMONS to the Boston Collectorship?

Meanwhile the friends of a reform which is sure to be constantly agitated, and to which the Commission and the Chief Examiner are so sincerely devoted, will be glad to read the testimony of JOHN BRIGHT in a late letter to Mr. DORMAN B. EATON.

"The working of our civil service has met with general approval, and, after the experience of some years, it would be now impossible to go back to the old system. The present plan is one which is felt to be more just to all classes, and it is calculated to supply more capable men for the various departments of the public service. You are doubtless aware that appointments with us are to a large extent of a permanent character. No changes in persons employed in government offices, in the customs, excise, post-offices, and telegraph departments, take place on a change of government, and thus we avoid a vast source of disturbance and corruption, which would be opened if the contrary plan were adopted. In these days, when so much is done by the governments, and when so many persons are employed by them, it seems absolutely necessary to take precautions against the selection of incompetent men, and against the corruption which under the purest administrations is always a menacing evil. Your proposed reform is a great undertaking. I hope the good sense of your people will enable you to complete it. All the friends of your country in other nations will congratulate you on your success."

THE END OF MOIETIES.

THE House of Representatives has unanimously passed the bill abolishing moieties, after stringently amending it, as we had hoped it would, by forbidding the seizure of books and papers, and prohibiting every customs officer to share any forfeits except in cases of actual smuggling. This result shows the value of a sound public agitation. The merchants of New York and Boston took up this matter with the most intelligent zeal, and the powerful representations made to the committee by Mr. SCHULTZ and the other gentlemen from New York, with those of the Boston delegation, have had the most obvious and decided effect. Mr. BECK, of Kentucky, spoiled a vehement speech favoring the bill by his personal aspersions upon Senator CONKLING, of New York. When the bill reaches the Senate we presume that Mr. BECK will learn with how little reason he virtually charged Mr. CONKLING with aiding and abetting JAYNE and the spy system. The testimony of Mr. DODGE, which was read by Mr. KASSON, of Iowa, in reply to Mr. BECK'S attack, showed that Mr. DODGE did not think that Senator CONKLING had any professional connection with the case, and that he believed him to have been present upon the occasion mentioned in the evidence by chance and upon other business. It certainly was not necessary for Mr. BECK'S purpose to make such a charge, and it gave to his speech a tone of partisan rancor which greatly injured its effect.

The bill now goes to the Senate. That body is of course aware that this moiety law and the abuses under it, with the SANBORN contracts, are the sources from which the Democratic party hope to draw force enough to annoy, if not defeat, the Republicans. The repeal of the law is, therefore, not only right in principle and sound policy, but it is also dictated by party expediency. Mr. DAWES reminded the House that two years ago he had introduced a bill regulating the whole subject of fines and penalties, but the Senate had allowed it to sleep. The Senate must not allow this one to sleep. The country is awake, thoroughly awake, upon this subject, and it has a disposition to believe that the Senate has a bad habit of stopping the way of wise reforms. Just principle is the truest policy. Senator BOUTWELL, when Secretary of the Treasury, protested against the moiety system. He knew its perils and abuses. The whole world knows them now, and the country, certainly all but the political jobbers, confidently expects prompt and favorable action from the Senate. The statement which has been made that the moiety system is necessary to the effective working of the Custom-house as a political machine, if it were true, is the very reason for its overthrow. It is because the Custom-house has been so long diverted from its legitimate purpose that such schemes as the moiety bill are made into laws. And it is the political perversion of the civil service from its proper function which occasions half of the abuses with which the country is indignant.

The unanimity of the repeal is most creditable to the House. Indeed, such was the force of the volume of opinion during the brief debate, that General BUTLER reminded Mr. DAWES that he had himself been the first to introduce into this Congress a bill forbidding revenue officers to share in fines and forfeitures. Those who hoped to throw discredit upon the majority by representing General BUTLER as the leader of the House are put to shame by the repeal of the "salary grab" and of the moieties. With the exception of the inflation sentiment of the House, its current of opinion has generally been against the general; and a House which, besides the two repeals that we have mentioned, has declined to make the Centennial ap-

propriation, does not deserve the wholesale condemnation which it is always so easy to make. We heard when it assembled, as usual, that it was the most miscellaneous assembly of incapables ever convened. But we were not seriously troubled, as that has been the constant comment upon such occasions since, at the close of the First Congress, some worthy patriot asked a friend whether he thought that such a precious set of knaves would ever be brought together again.

AN OLD PASTOR.

Old New York has lost one of its most honored and well-known citizens in the Rev. Dr. De Witt. Thirty years ago, when he preached at the Reformed Dutch Church at the corner of Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, he was seen every Sunday morning passing through the street in gown and bands, and his plain and simple manner and genuine Dutch aspect made the spectator fancy that he saw the Dominie Bogardus, the first minister of New Netherlands. This true and kindly simplicity Dr. De Witt retained to the end. He was the most patriarchal of the city clergy, and one of the most learned in his peculiar theology. His knowledge of the Dutch language was so thorough that he sometimes preached in that tongue, and so preserved in all its freshness the tradition of the pulpit of his church. Tranquil, studious, pious, and devoted, his Christian life held its modest way amidst the amazing growth of the city, and to those who in later years sometimes saw him upon the street he recalled the other and very different New York which they half-regretfully remembered. The church in which he used to preach, on Lafayette Place, was crowded at his funeral. Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Moravians, were all represented by their ministers, of whom several took part in the final services. There could be no other than the natural regret of affection over the bier, for the old man had lived eighty-three years, and was ready and willing to follow his wife, who died but seven months since. The good old pastor! he had been very faithful, and his simple life and work will be long and tenderly remembered.

A NEW STATE.

The debate in Congress upon the admission of New Mexico as a State was very animated and interesting. The delegate from the Territory, Mr. Elkins, made a good speech in favor of the proposition, and Mr. G. F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, a conclusive speech against it. He said—and we know of no adequate reply to the argument—that there were two sufficient reasons why the Territory should not be admitted: one is that five-sixths of its people over ten years of age can not read or write; and the other is that a very large proportion of them do not understand the English language. Mr. Kasson's rejoinder, that the Republican party had given the suffrage to the freedmen, who were ignorant, and therefore could not refuse admission to a Territory because of the ignorance of its inhabitants, was "a good hit," but not an effective argument; for the circumstances of the two cases are essentially different; and if it were a mistake to admit ignorant voters in South Carolina—which Mr. Kasson probably believes—why repeat the error in New Mexico? No necessity of "consistency" of this kind can possibly exist, and Congress is bound to consider every case upon its own merits, under certain great and controlling principles.

The object which an American statesman should have in view for the security and harmony of the Union is homogeneity. The tendency territorially to expand needs no fostering. It is like the tendency to the assertion of State rights, which our history shows to have required no cultivation. That was the source of the original hostility to the Union and of the powerful effort to destroy it. The unquestionable supremacy of this country upon this continent, its various population, its active enterprise, and the universality of the suffrage will constantly urge expansion, and the wisdom of statesmanship upon the subject is rather to withstand than to yield. The circumstances which preceded the war, and the result of the conflict, have alienated the feeling of large populations and sections from the national government, and the bond of union is naturally weakened when it is stretched over a vast and thinly peopled region, like much of the far West. And while the national hand is invoked to keep the peace in Texas and Louisiana and Arkansas and South Carolina because of the ignorance of some and the lukewarm patriotism of others, there is surely no reason for giving a hundred thousand people in New Mexico, who do not speak our language, and who can not read or write, an equality with the State of New York in the Senate of the United States. That they are orderly and law-abiding, as Mr. Kasson asserts, is fortunate, but that alone is not enough to make them a wise addition to the forces of the government.

The first thing to consider when a proposal is made to admit a new State to the Union is whether it is for the advantage of the Union, not under what circumstances, with how large a population, and with what character some other State was admitted. The interests of the whole Union are paramount, and it may be the truest wisdom to refuse to admit a new State to-day, although precisely the same conditions may be shown which authorized admission yesterday. This is the constitutional view, and it is the dictate of good sense. There is nothing mandatory upon the subject in the Constitution. It is left wholly to the discretion of Congress, and if citizens of the United States settle in the Territories, they do so knowing all the conditions, and they are as much patriotically bound as we of the older and larger States to consider what is best for the interests of the whole. The inevitable result of the policy of throwing the Senate further into the hands of a minority of the population will be to strengthen the demand for a radical change in that body and in the Constitution; and certainly the small States are as much interested as the larger in having the national government controlled by great constituencies and interests. The bill for the admission of New Mexico passed by an immense majority—one hundred and sixty yeas to fifty-four nays. But the principle remains unchanged.

MR. HALSTEAD UPON THE PRESS.

Mr. Murat Halstead, the well-known editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, has lately delivered to the Associated Press of Kentucky an address upon newspapers and their function. His address was a declaration of independence of the advertiser as the controlling influence of a journal, and an assertion that the true duty of the press is fidelity to the people, and he said a great many shrewd and sensible things upon both subjects. But it is not easy to regard the press as a profession in the ordinary sense of that word, because of its peculiar conditions. The newspaper, with a few exceptions, which do not affect the rule, is, first of all, a commercial enterprise or business. It is a commodity made to sell, and if the managers miscalculate the attractiveness of their wares—that is, if people will not buy the paper—it is abandoned, however lofty its purpose or admirable its conduct. There are, indeed, in every great community a few persons who have a passion for investing their money in newspapers, as in theatres, even to the last dollar, but a newspaper is now usually founded only after very shrewd and careful business calculation, in which, of course, the advertising interest is a very vital element.

Mr. Halstead thinks that the advertiser is the difficult person to deal with, and that he is very apt to wish to control the paper This in a small town and in a paper of small circulation may be a serious annoyance. But Mr. Halstead wisely says that the rule should be an absolute separation between the merchandise and the opinions of the paper, and the advertiser be made to see that his interest lies in the large circulation of the paper, which is the affair of the editor and of no one else. The circulation, and therefore the success, of the paper depend upon the way in which it is edited. If it be of small circulation, however excellent its opinions may be, the advertiser will not find his interest in using it as his vehicle. If he agree with the opinions, he will buy the paper. If he think the publication of such opinions of great importance, he will advertise as a means of giving money. But all this, again, is exceptional. Mr. Halstead justly condemns the practice of occult advertising in the perversion of editorial columns to personal purposes. And the growth of this opposition in editorial offices has led to the greatest ingenuity upon the part of advertisers to veil their purpose. Editors of magazines know how skillfully the puff may be introduced into the most innocent articles, and a pathetic love-story be made to advertise a medicine or a chair. Dickens, in one of his very last papers of the "Uncommercial Traveler," has a capital rap at the Mr. Barlow of *Sanford and Merton*, the eternal moralizer, who pops out upon every occasion, and spoils all delight by turning it into a sermon. The editor understands his feeling who in the midst of the most interesting sketch suddenly sees the advertisement.

The press becomes more truly independent in the degree that the public does so. The relation is reciprocal. Each helps the other. The most famous of journals, the London *Times*, reflects public sentiment rather than leads it. And most successful newspapers in this country have reflected rather than led. Mr. Halstead cites the *Tribune* and the *Herald* in New York as the only two journals that twenty-five years ago could be called independent. Each, he thinks, expressed the character of its founder—one a party leader, the other a mocker of parties. But here also lay the strength of each. The *Tribune* was the organ of a certain general sentiment of intelligent progress, which it constantly reflected in its columns, and the *Herald* was the exponent of that smiling indifference which its founder had the acuteness to see had an immense representation in the country. Mr. Halstead says of them that although distinct and hostile, they were both known to be fearless and unpurchasable. There is no doubt that as the press is becoming more independent it is becoming more powerful. It has never had so direct an influence upon legislation as it has now. It is therefore, of course, enormously tempted. "But," says Mr. Halstead, "the editor who pays for a share in a job with his 'influence' not only participates in the swindle, he sells himself into servitude, and becomes a slave of the ring."

AN AMERICAN NOVELIST.

A new work of fiction by the author of those entertaining and popular American novels, *My Daughter Elinor*, *Miss Van Kortland*, and *Miss Dorothy's Charge*, will be sure to attract the attention of the reading public, and equally certain not to disappoint it. As a novelist, Mr. Frank Lee Benedict has no living superior among us. None has succeeded so well in portraying the various elements that form American society. His plot is always well constructed; his characters act their parts consistently, and are natural without being commonplace—higher praise, by-the-way, than may appear at first sight; and in all his novels there are few scenes which do not promote the action of the story. His first novel was published anonymously. It attracted public attention at once, and many were the conjectures as to the author's name, and his reasons for keeping it a secret. To observant readers it was evident that a new star had risen in our literary firmament. A profusion of characters, each depicted with a master's touch, represented the political, literary, artistic, and fashionable elements of American society, and the shadows of the tragic side of the story were relieved by a wit and humor never out of keeping with its general tone. Some of his comic characters were criticised as exaggerations; but, in truth, it is impossible to exaggerate the comic side of humanity, and caricature itself, even in its most grotesque shapes, falls short of nature's own freaks. The counterpart of every character in *My Daughter Elinor*, from the beautiful and accomplished heroine to the fussy old literary woman with her reticule and umbrella, who never comes upon the scene without exciting derision, may be found among the men and women of every-day life. Taken as a whole, this novel gives a more complete picture of our social and political life than is to be found in any other American work of fiction. The story is one of profound interest, and it must long retain the strong hold it at once secured in public favor.

Mr. Benedict's second novel, *Miss Van Kortland*, written in a more romantic vein, displays the same high qualities of authorship exhibited in the first. There is the same blending of pathos and humor, tragedy and comedy, the same bold contrasts of character and situation, the same skillful word-painting where scenery is desired as a background, the same art in the structure of plot, yet the two novels are totally unlike, and the only way in which the reader of *Miss Van Kortland* is reminded of *My Daughter Elinor* is in the recognition of these qualities. The same may be said of the third novel of the series, *Miss Dorothy's Charge*, the scene of which shifts from America to Europe, although the story and most of the characters are American. The narrative is skillfully constructed, and the secret on which the interest of the story turns is well concealed—except for those impatient readers who *will* turn to the last chapter to see how it all comes out—until the proper moment for its discovery. The novel abounds in cleverly drawn scenes, and several, especially the description of a flood, and the dénouement of the story, are exceedingly graphic and effective.

As we have already said, the reader of these admirable novels will not be disappointed in Mr. Benedict's latest work of fiction, *John Worthington's Name*, just published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. We will not attempt to give an outline of the story, but leave to the reader the pleasant task of unraveling the tangled threads of the plot. Suffice to say that the scene of the story is laid alternately in America and Europe, that the characters are interesting, that the incident which gives the story its name is one quite new in fiction, and is treated with great skill, and that, after a great deal of tribulation and sorrow growing out of folly and crime, the curtain falls on happy faces.

It has been lately charged by one of our daily contemporaries that American authors were neglected by American publishers, while the country was flooded with trashy reprints. If the writer had stopped a moment to consider the matter in all its bearings, he would have seen that he was arraigning the American public rather than American publishers, who, as a matter of self-interest, would put into the market such wares as their customers demand. The success of such writers as Mr. Benedict shows that neither American publishers nor the public for whom they manufacture books are disposed to "neglect native talent." American readers are glad to have the opportunity to purchase the works of English novelists at the cheap rates of American republications; but that this does not injure the American author could be easily shown. It must be admitted that, as a rule, the English have stronger novelists and story-writers than we; and it would be folly to shut out their works with the idea of fostering American literature. In other departments than fiction it has already shot ahead of Europe. The latest list of new books published and in press by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, for example, contains the titles of a dozen works on various subjects, only one of which is by a foreign author. Even their edition of Victor Hugo's *Ninety-Three* may be considered in some sense an American book, since the translation was made by Mr. Frank Lee Benedict. It would be easy to show, were it necessary, that in the departments of travel, history, criticism, science, and philosophy American literature can boast of names which rank with the noblest that shed lustre on the literature of Europe, while every careful observer must have remarked a decided advance, during the last ten or fifteen years, in American fiction. The idea that American writers are neglected by American publishers in favor of European authors, or that they stand in need of patronizing encouragement, must have sprung from a hasty and partial survey of the field.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER.

Mr. Sartoris, the young gentleman who has just induced the President's daughter to "change her local habitation and her name," is a son of Mr. Edward Sartoris, whose wife was Adelaide Kemble, sister of Fanny Kemble. The family is somewhat wealthy, and Mr. Sartoris was formerly British minister at one of the minor courts of Southern Europe. His wife, at the time of her marriage, was noted for the possession of superior vocal accomplishments. The son was educated at Eton, and is said to be a fine manly young fellow. The wedding presents were numerous, and are said to represent a pecuniary figure of about $60,000. Among the most costly were a dessert-service of eighty-four pieces by Mr. George W. Childs, and a complete dinner-service by Mr. A. J. Drexel, the combined value of the two being $4500. President Grant put in a little check for $10,000. Among the presents was one token of affection with which Miss Grant and the family were especially pleased. It was a silver fruit-dish, bought from Tiffany, at New York, by the gentlemen employed in the Executive Mansion and attached to the President's household, whose cordial respect Miss Grant has won by the sweetness and amiability of her disposition. The marriage ceremony took place in the East Room of the White House, Thursday morning, May 21, in the presence of many distinguished guests. The marriage certificate was granted by the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the District, signed by the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, who performed the ceremony, countersigned by Chief Justice Cartter, and certified to by Secretary Fish and Sir Edward Thornton. And now it is all over, and they are married folks, like the rest of us, and the good wishes of all will follow them on their wedding-tour through Europe. Their portraits are given on page 472.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The new Currency Bill has not yet been finally disposed of by Congress. The Senate substitute reached the House May 18, and was referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency, with leave to report at any time.—The Senate passed the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill May 19. The Post-office and Pension Appropriation bills passed the House May 21. The bill to amend the customs laws and to repeal the system of moieties to informers in customs revenue cases passed the House May 19. The House Committee on Elections reported, May 19, their inability to decide whether Pinchback or Sheridan is entitled to a seat as member from Louisiana.—The Senate discussed the Civil Rights Bill on three days of the week. Messrs. Flanagan, Pratt, Morton, Boutwell, Howe, Pease, and others spoke in favor of it, and Messrs. Thurman, Stockton, Johnston, Merrimon, and Alcorn against it. On the 23d the bill was passed by a vote of 29 to 16.—The House, May 21, passed a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State of the Union.—Both Houses have resolved to adjourn on the 22d of June.

Mr. Raines, the State Treasurer of New York, is reported to have lost his reason. Owing to his illness, no checks can be signed at the Treasury, and all payments are suspended.

The Hon. William W. Eaton was elected by the Connecticut Legislature, May 19, to succeed Mr. Buckingham as United States Senator.

Twenty-nine hundred pieces of real estate belonging to delinquent tax-payers in Charleston County, South Carolina, were put up at auction May 22, but there were no bidders, and the entire lot was forfeited to the State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamer *Mauchu*, from Nagasaki for Shanghai, was lost March 17 in a heavy gale. Captain Lowell, Dr. Spedding, and three others were picked up March 19 by the German brig *Otto*, and are the only persons known to be saved out of fifty, crew and passengers.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered the temporary retirement of Count von Arnim from the diplomatic service.

The Prussian Diet was prorogued May 21 without formal ceremonies.

The new French ministry is announced as follows: General De Cissey, Minister of War, and Vice-President of the Council; Duc Decazes, Foreign Affairs; M. De Fourton, Interior; M. Pierre Magne, Finance; M. Eugène Caillaux, Public Works; M. Louis Grivart, Commerce; Viscount de Cumont, Public Instruction; M. Adrien Tailhand, Justice.

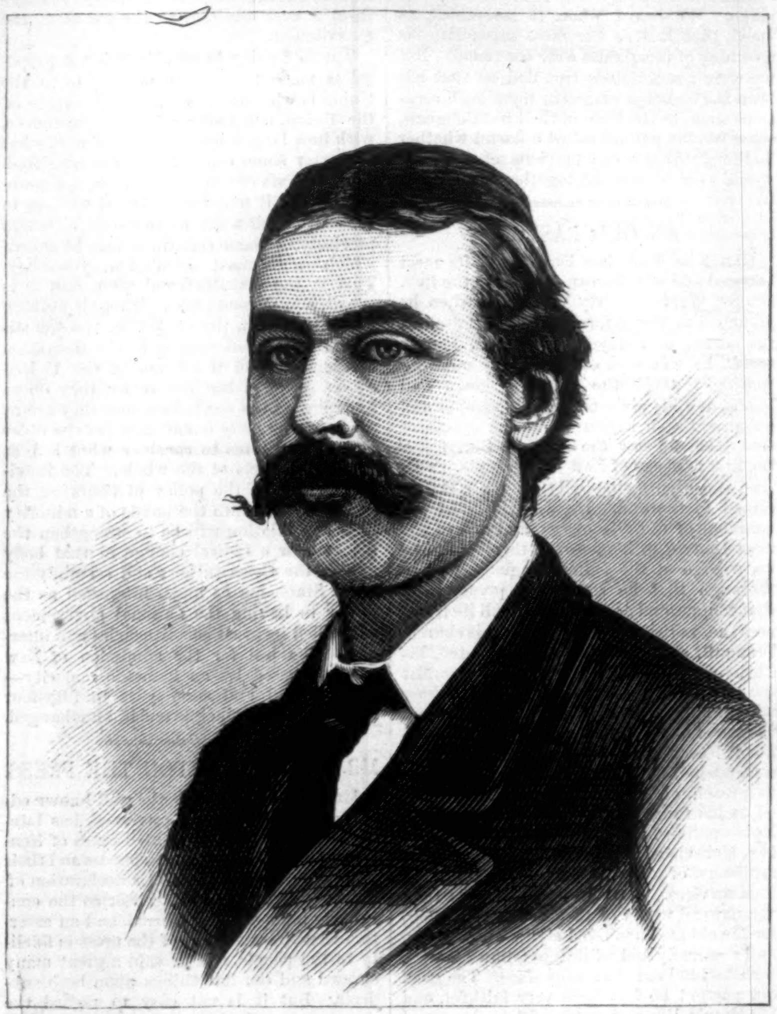
The Russian government has given permission to all exiled Poles, with the exception of two or three known assassins, to return to their native country.

The Czar was handsomely entertained in England, leaving there May 21 on his return to Russia.

Another large fire occurred in Constantinople, May 18, destroying nearly one hundred houses.

Prince Metternich and the Count of Montebello fought a duel with swords May 21. The former was slightly wounded.

NELLIE W. GRANT.—[SEE PAGE 471.]



ALGERNON C. F. SARTORIS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOVEJOY & FOSTER, CHICAGO.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

THE DISTURBED RENDEZVOUS.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

"Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel,
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved" President.

—SHAKSPEARE.

THE MILL RIVER CALAMITY.

PEOPLE often say, without quite believing it, that "truth is stranger than fiction." Two great English novelists, whose imaginative powers rank among the highest, "George Eliot" and CHARLES READE, have each given masterly descriptions of a catastrophe like that which recently spread devastation through a lovely valley of Massachusetts, and each has been accused of exaggeration for the sake of a heightened effect. But in the awful calamity which has swept three villages out of existence, the incidents considered most improbable in fiction appear as dreadful realities.

To comprehend the extent of this great calamity the reader has only to turn to our double-page bird's-eye view of the region through which the devastating waters swept. The dam, whose breaking away was the cause of the disaster, was situated on the east branch of the Mill River, in the town limits of Williamsburg, and about four miles above the village. It was built a little more than nine years ago, and was simply an earth-work thrown across the river, eighty feet through at the base, sloping to forty feet at the top, strengthened by a granite wall through the centre. The area of the reservoir was one hundred and nine acres, and its depth about fifteen feet. It seems that serious doubts as to the strength of the dam have been entertained ever since it was built. As first constructed, the County Commissioners refused to accept it, and on their recommendation it was materially strengthened. But those living below it have always felt uneasy in regard to its safety, and recently the gate-keeper has several times expressed his fears to his employers, once calling special attention to a leak at the very point where the break occurred. Nothing, however, was done. The examiners reported every thing "all right," and the mill-owners were unwilling to go to any further expense in strengthening it.

Thus matters stood on the morning of Saturday, May 16, when GEORGE CHENEY, the gate-keeper, made his customary survey of the dam. Every thing seemed to be in good order, and he returned to the little cottage where he lived near the reservoir. The family, including his wife, several children, and his father, sat down to breakfast. They were just finishing the meal when a great noise was heard, and the old man, who was standing at one of the eastern windows, exclaimed, "For God's sake, GEORGE, look there!" About forty feet in length of the bottom of the reservoir on the east side, just beyond the gate, was shooting down the stream. CHENEY seems to have realized the situation and the emergency at once. Without stopping to consider the danger involved, he ran to the gate and let on the water full head, in the hope that this might possibly afford relief, and avert the threatened calamity.

This done, he paused an instant to investigate the condition of the wall where the break had taken place. A glance showed him that the wall must give way soon. Running back to the house, which stood beyond the reach of danger, CHENEY told his father he was going to the village to warn the people. Together they hurried to the barn, a few rods below, and while CHENEY was throwing a bridle upon his horse his father cut him a stick. Leaping on his horse's back, and plying vigorously his lash, he rode at topmost speed down the road that skirted the streams to Williamsburg, covering the three miles, he thinks, in fifteen minutes. It was then about half past seven o'clock. Stopping at the house of Mr. SPELLMAN, who had the general charge of the reservoir, he told him the fearful news, and as his own horse was nearly exhausted, was sent to a livery-stable to procure another. Among those who listened to his fragmentary story at the stable was COLLINS GRAVES, a milkman, who exclaimed, "If the dam is breaking, the folks must know it;" and lashing his fleet horse into a run, he dashed away toward the village of Haydenville, shouting, "The reservoir is right here! Run! It's all you can do!"

There was no time to lose. CHENEY had hardly mounted his horse when the whole dam gave way, and the water began a race with him. Three miles below the dam the torrent struck the first building, SPELLMAN's button factory. The terrible roar of the waters had confirmed CHENEY's intelligence, and the operatives had

sought safety in flight. Some reached the hill-sides, while others were caught by the flood and borne away. The torrent tore up every tree and bush in its course, and as it rolled down the valley men who saw it likened the spectacle to a low cloud of dense dust in the advance of a tornado. Trees and drift-wood obscured the waters. SPELLMAN'S button factory did not stand a moment. It rose up on the crest of the waves, and collapsed as though made of card-board. A dozen houses lined the valley, and the inmates were forgotten in the general alarm. The waters lapped them up. Entire families were destroyed in a moment.

From Williamsburg to Skinnersville the valley was a beautiful lawn, dotted with dwellings, and shaded by giant elms and maples. A few of the trees stood, but every house was demolished, every bush uprooted. Fifty-three persons lost their lives in three minutes after CHENEY'S alarm was given. The silk-mill at Skinnersville, a wooden building three stories high, in which eighty persons were working, lay next in the track of the torrent. The superintendent hardly credited CHENEY'S story of the danger, and it was not until the sound of the approaching water was heard, even above the noise of the spindles, that he ordered the employés to quit work. They barely had time to reach the high land. Three were overtaken by the rushing waters and drowned. One of these had started toward his dwelling, but reached the house only in time to perish with his family.

The next village overtaken by the flood was Haydenville, nearly half of whose inhabitants lived in cottages on the lowest land in the valley. At the head of the settlement stood the brass-works of HAYDEN, GERE, & CO. A wooden wing was instantly swept away, but the main building resisted the pressure for some moments. A large tobacco factory, the extensive cotton-mills, and the gas-works speedily succumbed. The flood kept on its way to Leeds, where the first of the Nonotuck Silk Company's mills is situated. That is built so solidly that the torrent scarcely shook it; but a button factory, cotton-mills, saw-mills, and dwelling-houses were swept away. Even the cellars were obliterated, and the foundations leveled. The force of the flood was broken by the widening of the valley below Leeds, and from that point to where Mill River empties into the Connecticut the only damage done was the flooding of fields and the destruction of bridges. The foreground of our bird's-eye view shows the flats below the last gorge, strewn with the ruins of the devastated villages.

In a little more than half an hour the flood had spent its force; but in this brief space of time three villages had been well-nigh destroyed, and about one hundred and fifty lives lost, while the damage to property is estimated at little less than two millions of dollars. It were vain to attempt to describe the horrors of the disaster. Whole families were swept away; parents died in trying to save their children, children in trying to save their parents, and there were some escapes that seem miraculous. One man was swept down for over half a mile, on the very crest of the torrent, upon a mass of débris, and escaped by grasping an overhanging branch. Others reached the higher grounds just in advance of the torrent; half a minute more would have been too late.

By this terrible calamity hundreds of poor people have lost their all, and are in need of immediate and substantial assistance. Their cry will not be unheeded by those who are able to contribute to their relief. It must not be forgotten that the disaster would have been tenfold more terrible but for the bravery of CHENEY and GRAVES, who spread the alarm through the valley just in advance of the flood. We give their portraits on our first page. CHENEY was a soldier in the Twentieth Army Corps, and served with credit and honor through the whole war.

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF "SHIP AHOY!"

CHAPTER I.

AMONG STRANGERS.

"THEY'RE a yaller-lookin' lot, yer honor, anyhow, thim chaps hangin' about the wharf. It must be the sun, an' thim out in it all day. Dries thim up like a stalk ov whate; an', murther, it *is* hot!"

"Do you think we've got all the traps, Larry?"

"Ivery one ov thim, Sor, for I counted thim up twiced, an' they're all locked up in the landlord's store, an' here's the kay. Bud he's a dirty-lookin' spalpeen, that same landlord, Sor, an' I wouldn't stay in his place longer 'an I could help."

"I won't stay in the city any longer than I can help, Larry, for I'm about sick of this do-nothing but get over miles of water. Only let me get the business settled, and we'll soon be off and get to work."

The speakers were Larry Carey, a quaint-looking Irishman, with screwed-up face that might have belonged to a man of any age between twenty-five and fifty; and Frank Adams, Englishman, a broad-shouldered Saxon fellow, six feet high, strong as a giant, and, in spite of the heat, dressed in velveteen jacket, cord breeches, and leather leggings, while his head was crowned by a natty brown wide-awake. "Yeoman-farmer," you said to yourself the moment you saw him, and, directly after, "What does he do out of the shires, standing here in the hot sun, and looking over the waters of the wide Pacific?"

"Ye're right, masther dear; though it's an illigant place, an' ye might spind money here as aisy as pour out wather. Bud they're such a mixed-up lot. There's plinty ov respectable gintlemen, bud as for some ov thim as stands about wid the inds of their throwsis tucked into their boots, an' a bit ov a billy-goat's beard at the ind ov their chin—good-mornin' to ye, be the same token, an' ye may have the whole ov the sidewalk to yerselves."

"Good and bad every where, Larry," said Adams, thoughtfully, for he was gazing across the beautiful bay at the bright blue waters, dotted with boats, and thinking it was wondrous fair.

"Thin, save us! there's thim yaller-lookin' Chinees, wid their pigtails, an' their squinny eyes put in crooked, an' looking for all the world as if they were descinded from the bastes ov the field. Why, yer honor, we had a breed ov pigs in our place at Ballyslanner wid such a Christian kind ov countenances ov their own that they might have been first cousins by their mother's side, pigtails an' all. I'd get out ov the place, though, masther dear, for the manners ov some ov the natives isn't illigant at all."

"What makes you say that?" said Adams, turning round sharply.

"Oh, nothin' much, masther dear; only whin ye left us to go on to the lodgin'-place, the Chishapake Hotel there, while you wint back to the staymer, two or three dirty-lookin' rappares, wid great wide flappin' hats an' long hair, comes pushin' by me, an' wan ov thim sez somethin' to the misthress, an' the others ups and spakes to Miss Mary, an' they was that freckened that they shrank back to me, an' I thought there was goin' to be a bit ov a wig-dustin', for I showed thim that same piece ov timber, an' I sez, sez I, 'That's headache wood,' I sez—'saplin',' I sez, 'an' it grows on blackthorn bushes in the County Cork,' I sez; an' they looked at it, curus like, an' thin they looked at me, an' wan of thim spit about seven times; an' by thin we'd reached the hotel, an' the ladies wint in, an' that's all."

"Thank you; you're a good fellow, Larry," said Adams, warmly; "and you're right—we won't stay long."

"I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry if I was you, stranger," said a voice, toned with rather a drawl; and Frank Adams turned sharply round to confront a man of nearly his own height, as strongly built, but less exuberant of muscle: a firm, quiet-looking face he had, one that betrayed nothing, but there was a frank glance in his clear gray eyes; and, if he were a friend, the very kind of a man one would like to have for an ally in a time of trouble. "I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry if I was you, stranger," he said; and he rolled a cigar a little further into one corner of his mouth, where, being nearly smoked out, it began to singe the thick close beard with which his face was half covered.

"Perhaps not," said Adams, gruffly; "but then, you see, I know my own affairs best."

"Now that's where you're mistaken, stranger: you don't. And that's how it is you Britishers come to grief. You come over to this new country, thinking you know every thing and a bit more; bring your own old ideas; set to work on 'em without taking a bit of advice; go wrong in six months, and then swear that the United States is one big wind-bag, and not worth a red cent."

"Well," said Adams, more gruffly still, "we do mind our own business."

"And set your backs up as soon as a stranger speaks to you."

"Yes," said Adams, "if he is impertinent and prying."

"Jist wan word, yer honor," whispered Larry, "an' I'll rowl him over like a rabbit."

"Prying?" said the other, in the same dry way, and apparently determined not to be offended; "I'm not prying. There, come along, Britisher, here's a bar close by; smooth down your feathers, and come and have a drink."

"Thank you," said Adams, "I don't drink in the middle of the day, nor yet with men I don't know."

"Good for your health, and bad for your manners. But don't be pesky. Here, try a cigar."

Adams felt the hot blood rising in his cheeks, and was disposed to be angry; but the new-comer was so calm and imperturbable, as he held out a handful of good Havanas, that, in spite of himself, the young Englishman took one, and also accepted a light.

"That's better," said the other; "that is the best quality in nico*tine*—it makes men friends. Fine place this, ain't it?"

"I shall be very glad to get away," said Adams, narrowly inspecting his companion.

"So shall I," said the other; "but I don't mean to be in a hurry; and don't you. Ah, you're taking stock of me, are you? You're wondering whether I'm real grit, or a loafer. I know all about you."

"Indeed!" said Adams, coloring in spite of himself, for the other had thoroughly divined his thoughts.

"Yes, stranger; you came ashore from the *Eagle* this morning. You're a British farmer, you are, as failed at home, and have come out here to make a pile. You've brought tools and seeds and that Irishman, and you're going to take up land and farm. That's what you're going to do."

"Humph!" ejaculated the young man; "perhaps, then, you can tell me my name?"

"To be sure I can—it's Frank Adams!"

The owner of the name started, and seemed half inclined to throw away the cigar, and with it the companionship of this stranger.

"Don't be riled," said the other, coolly. "My name's Dawson—Caleb Dawson, State of Virginia."

"Well, then, Mr. Dawson, I must be going; so good-day."

"All right, Adams, I'll walk with you. I'm going your way."

The Englishman stopped short, and faced round angrily; but the other was so calm and cool that instead of speaking, he burst out laughing.

"That's right," said the other; "no call to be riled. It's only my way. I like to see you Britishers laugh, though: you do it as if you meant it. We can't laugh like that over here."

"Too smart, I suppose," said Adams.

"Well, I don't know," said the other. "I think it's because we've been too busy—haven't had time. We had our country to make, and our institutions. We've had a hard job, Sir, and we had to take off our coats. You come in for all yours ready-made."

"Now look here," said Adams, stopping short after they had gone a few yards, "I'm a stranger here, and you know it. I don't want to quarrel to hurt you, or for you to hurt me; so out with it at once. What have you fixed yourself on me for?"

"New-comer—green from the old country—going to fleece you of all your dollars, squeeze you like an orange, and then go and look out for another."

"Thin by the powers—" burst in Larry.

"Be quiet!" said Adams, firmly. Then turning to the American—"I thought as much; but you've mistaken your man. I'm well armed: I have my wits about me, and—"

"Exactly!" said the other, laughing, and showing a good set of teeth; "but that's not my game; that's what you thought I meant; and if you haven't cut your eye-teeth, that's how you will be served. But come along, Adams; I'm up at your hotel. I saw you this morning, and liked the look of you. Thought I'd give you a word of warning; for, look here, mate, it would be a cruel thing to take those two sweet women right away into the country without being prepared to—"

Adams stopped short again at the mention of the women.

"I don't make you out," he said, aloud; "you're either playing a deep game, or, for some reason of your own, you want to be very friendly."

"Why, man, what a fuss you Britishers do make about things! You think that out here you're going to get letters of introduction, and the character of every man vouched for before you speak to him. We haven't time for it. I told you I saw you and liked your looks. Sorry you don't like mine. Never mind, here we are, and the dinner-bell's going; so look alive, or the board will be cleared."

CHAPTER II.

LARRY'S "SAYCRESY."

THAT same afternoon, while Larry Carey was sitting outside the hotel in the sun, carving his name with a new knife upon the thin end of his blackthorn twig, who should come up and seat himself close by but the American who had introduced himself as Caleb Dawson.

"Well, Pat," he said, "and what do you think of the country?"

"The counthry's well enough, Sor, for thim as likes it," he said, dryly.

"Ah! it's a noble land," said Dawson, smoking slowly, and sending up soft wreaths of vapor in the sunshine. "Many an Irishman has made his fortune here."

"It's a habit me countrymen have got, Sor, all the world over."

"And you must do the same, Pat," said Dawson.

"Plase the pigs, an' it's meself that will do that same."

"To be sure you will," said Dawson, "and your master too."

"Now look here, Misther Yankee Doodle," said Larry, laying his stick across his knees, and resting his hands upon the ends, "do I look like a pump at all?"

"Like a what?"

"Like a pump, I said, as plain as I could spake. Because if ye want to know any thing at all about the masther, ye'd betther go an' ask him himself; for I'm as dhry as a bone, an' ye won't pump me."

"Dry are you, Pat?" said Dawson, laughing; "then we'll make you wet. Here, waiter!" he shouted.

"I'd rather be dhry, thank ye kindly," said Larry, rising; "an' good-day to ye!"

"Get out!" said Dawson. "Call yourself a real Irishman, and won't take a glass of whisky with a friend!—one that your master drank with only an hour ago."

"An' did the masther drink wid ye, thin?" said Larry, hesitating.

"To be sure he did."

"Did yer honor say whisky?"

"To be sure."

"Rale whisky?"

"As good a drop as ever was taken from a still."

"Well," said Larry, reseating himself, "there can't be any harm in that, so long as it's rale;" and the whisky being brought, Larry took a couple of glasses with a hearty smack of enjoyment.

"He wants to pump me," he said to himself; "but niver a word he'll draw from me."

Dawson did not try; he only sat chatting pleasantly, and at last adroitly turned the conversation to the Carey family, dwelling most upon the representative before him.

That was sufficient. Larry's tongue began to run, and before long Dawson sat smoking silently, as the Irishman sat gesticulating with his blackthorn, and talking as hard as he could.

"You've been in England, of course?" said Dawson. "Try another glass, Pat. It's good whisky."

"Thrue for ye, Sor, it is," said Larry. "It was a great blessin' to posterity that the man who found it out didn't go an' die an' take the saycret wid him. Bud it's a bad habit takin' much. Jist one more glass, an' thin it may be the very best that iver chated a gauger, an' niver a drop should pass me lips. Bud, be the same token, ye were sayin' had I been in England? Why, ov coorse I have, or how could I have met the masther?"

"He might have come over to Ireland."

"Bud he knew betther," said Larry, laying a finger on one side of his nose. "Ireland, Sor, nowaday isn't what Ireland used to be, an' it 'll take a long time mendin'; bud I'll tell ye how it was.

"Well, ye see, Misther Dawson, Sor, it was jist this: I knew the masther over in England where I wint across to wan year a-harvestin', an' worked for him all through. An' before it was quite over, oh, wirra! the great big pain I had in all me bones, an' the shivers that came on me, an' the hot aches! An' they got worse an' worse, till at last wan mornin' I lays me down on some straw in the big barn, an' I sez to meself, I sez, 'Larry Carey,' I sez, 'it's a great fayver ye've got intirely, an' ye're goin' dead as a herrin', ye are, an' ye'll never see Ould Ireland again. Where would ye like to be berrid?'

"Yer honor, Misther Dawson, Sor, if I'd been a wild rattlesnake ov the plains out here, wid a sting in me tail, they couldn't ha' behaved worse to me than they did; first wan dirty spalpeen an' thin another comin' an' lookin' at me, an' thin goin' away spittin' as if I was poison. For I was only a poor rayper, all in rags, come over for the sayson, an' the farm-people didn't like us at all, at all.

"Well, yer honor, the masther come to know ov it, an' he come out in the barn, an' he sez, sez he, 'Larry, me lad,' he sez, 'are ye as bad as that?'

"'Troth, yer honor,' I sez, 'an' I'm worse,' I sez, 'an' I fale very infectious,' I sez. An' thin I heerd wan ov the men say somethin' to him about sendin' ov me off to the union.

"'If they'd let me die where I am I'd thank thim,' I sez to meself; an' thin I lay with me head all burnin' red-hot, an' meself thinkin' I was back in Cork boilin' the praties, whin the masther comes in, an' the misthress an' Miss Mary wid him, an' instead of packin' me off like a dog, I heerd the masther say, 'Poor fellow, he's worked well, an' we must do the best we can for him.'

"An' they did, yer honor—nursed me, they did, through it all, an' had the docther to me, as shook his fist in ould Death's face, he did, an' wouldn't let him have me; an' didn't I get betther an' stronger than iver; for wouldn't it have been a dirty action not to whin the misthress and Miss Mary was that kind to me, an' fed me up so that nothin' iver was like it?

"Last ov all, while I was hangin' about the farm doin' ov odd jobs, I gets to know that the masther was in throuble over some dirty money business, an' the farm was to be sold, an', murther! to see how the poor boy was down, an' the pretty little misthress an' his sister lookin' pale as milk.

"I meets him one day in the yard, an' he sez, pleasant like, 'Why, Larry,' he sez, 'you here still?'

"'An' where would I be,' sez I, 'at all, wid the docther's bill not paid?'

"'Back in Ireland,' he sez.

"'Bother Ireland intirely,' I sez, 'unless yer honor will take a nate bog farm somewhere, an' I'll go back wid ye.'

"He stopped an' looked at me in a thoughtful way, an' he claps me on the shoulder, an' he sez, in a way as made the water come in me eyes, 'Larry,' he sez, 'you're a good fellow, bud you must go. I'm masther here no longer. I've been chated an' imposed upon an' robbed.'

"'An' is it chated?' I sez, takin' a tighter grip on the fork I had in me fist. 'Will yer honor tell me the name ov the chate? Is it one ov thim lawyer villins?'

"He laughed an' shook his head, an' he sez, 'Larry,' he sez, 'I've no work for ye, an' can't pay ye, so ye must go. As for me,' he sez, 'I'm goin' across the say to Americky, where there's deep rich land, different to this cowld clay, an' a man may get a reward for his labor. Larry,' he sez, 'I'm goin' to California.'

"'Hurroo!' I sez, 'where the goold grows?'

"'Goold?' he sez; 'yes, Larry; the rich, ripe, yellow goold grown by man—corn, me man—corn, wavin' corn, growin' in soil that will repay ye bounteously for yer toil.'

"'Hurroo!' I sez again; 'I'll buy a new raypin'-hook this very day.'

"'What d'ye mane?' sez he.

"'Mane,' sez I, 'masther dear; why, that I'll go wid you an' the ladies to the very ind ov the world, as close as ye can widout fallin' off.'

"'Nonsense, man,' he sez, laughin'; bud there was a tear in each ov his eyes. 'I'm as poor as you are now, Larry, an' can only scrape enough for our passages an' a start.'

"'Poor?' sez I; 'an' who d'ye call poor? I'm as well off as any gintleman among ye. Haven't I got tin pun tin, harvest money, widout countin' the fourpenny bits? An' who's to pervent me goin' if I like?'

"'Nonsense, me man!' he says, 'ye mustn't think ov it.'

"'Bud I do think ov it, yer honor,' I sez. 'Who'll ye get to rape yer corn whin it grows? D'ye think there'll be plinty ov boys from the ould country comin' an' askin' for a job? Wanst for all, yer honor,' I sez, 'I shall go wid ye, an'

if I don't I shall follow ye;' an' to make a long story short, I talked to the misthress, an' Miss Mary—God bless her!—an' we was too much for the masther; an' he consinted, an' we come—come across this say an' that say an' t'other say; an' here I am, Larry Carey, at yer sarvice.'"

"Why, what a tarnation fool you must have been, Paddy!" said Dawson, drawling his words. "But have another drink, man: I like such fools as you. Shake hands."

The Irishman stood up and slapped his hand heartily into that of the American, the two joining in a firm grip.

"And now I must be off, Pat; so good-by, my lad; but we will meet again."

"An' if we do, yer honor, will ye be kind enough to remimber that I'm wan ov the Careys of County Cork, an' me name's not Paddy, but Larry?"

"I will, Larry," said the other, and he strode away.

"There now!" said Larry, scratching his head as soon as he was alone; "an' I've been an' towld him all about it, when the masther said 'be saycret.' But never mind, he's the right sort; an' it won't be any harm; but if he isn't, *whoo!*"

Larry gave his stick a flourish in the air, and delivered a smart blow that would have had serious results if it had come in contact with an enemy's head. Then he walked off and entered the Chesapeake Hotel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

"Grace Greenwood," writing to the New York *Times* of Mr. George W. Childs, says: "If I felt at liberty I could tell of instances of his benevolence as unostentatious as any in the record of his detractors—of ready, unquestioning generosity toward those who could render nothing in return. I have been to him repeatedly for aid in charitable undertakings, and he has never failed me, never failed to anticipate my thanks by thanking me for giving him the opportunity to do good. Once after I came to Washington to live I wrote to him for a small contribution to a fund we were raising for the support of an aged lady, utterly indigent and helpless, and he responded in so princely a manner that all anxiety for our poor friend was for a long time put to rest. That deed, which he has doubtless long ago forgotten, 'smells sweet and blossoms in the dust' above her humble grave."

—Mr. Sampson, for many years financial editor of the London *Times*, is reported to be on the eve of retiring from that position, in which he has won fame and fortune. During the rebellion he imparted to the money articles in that journal a tone strongly adverse to the United States, and predicted that the time would soon come when neither the principal nor interest of American securities would be paid. Unlike his athletic namesake mentioned in Judges, Mr. Sampson did not bring down our house, nor even start the financial underpinning. His excogitations have produced no more effect upon our bonds than did the tonsorial manœuvre of that "woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah," produce upon the confiding Samson, whose successful lift at Gaza did bring down the house, and destroyed some three thousand people, who had imprudently permitted themselves to remain too long on the roof.

—It can no longer be asked, "Who reads an American book?" There is scarcely a country in Europe where Dr. John W. Draper's remarkable work, *The Intellectual Development of Europe*, has not been republished. A Polish edition of this work, translated by Tadeusza Korzona, has just been published at Warsaw. The Russian translation, published at St. Petersburg, has just reached a fourth edition. A Servian translation was, on the 1st of April, published at Belgrade. Thus it is that a great thinker is answered by the world.

—The "personal" announcements in very Western papers combine conciseness with a pleasant vagueness; as, for example, a Nevada journal says: "There was no regular trial in the case of John Flanders yesterday. He had an interview in the woods with a few friends, however, and it is perfectly certain that John will never burgle any more."

—Mr. Marshall O. Roberts must have been gratified to learn from a Florentine journal that a fine picture by Mr. Henry Peters Gray is "destined to go over the sea to the gallery of Maresciallo Roberts," and that the "Ill'mi Signori Giovanni Taylore Johnston, Guglielmo Tyldeno Blodgett, ed altri, foster the fine arts more liberally than Italy itself."

—At the time of his death few men in New England were supposed to be more solidly wealthy than Oakes Ames. Yet on the 15th of May, owing to the extraordinary depreciation of the assets of his estate, his executors appeared in the Probate Court at Taunton, Massachusetts, and presented it as insolvent, whereupon three commissioners were appointed to take charge of it. It is hoped that ultimately the estate will be able to realize enough from the investments to pay its indebtedness; but it is not expected that it will do much more.

—Mr. Gladstone finds relief from the perplexities of official life by writing for the magazines. The article in the last *Quarterly Review* on Dr. Wilberforce is understood to have been written by him.

—It is one of the admirable customs of the Hebrews that the sons and daughters are obliged to learn some practical trade or useful calling; and it is in accordance with this that Mlle. De Rothschild, daughter of Baron Alphonse, has just passed a highly creditable examination at the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, and received her certificate of competency as a school-mistress.

—The late Mr. E. R. Langworthy, of England, has bequeathed $50,000 to the Owens College, Manchester, and $50,000 to the Peel Park Library and Museum.

—Mr. Sumner's grave was visited on Sunday, the 17th ult., by the Hampton Singers, who sang a number of their most beautiful songs. They were joined there by Professor Longfellow, who afterward invited them to his house, and treated them with marked attention.

—The Lord Mayor of London has just appeared in an entirely new character, that of chairman at a Methodist missionary meeting at Exeter Hall. What is better, his knowledge of Scripture, suavity of manner, and acquaintance with missionary work secured him an enthusiastic reception. Imagine, if that be possible, such an occurrence in New York! It will not bear thinking of. New York mayors never talk missionary.

—They celebrated Mr. Kaulbach's funeral at Munich in first-class dramatic style. No priest or representative of the church was present. Two hundred students from the academy formed a procession, with lighted candles, headed by a band of music. A few words from one of the professors over the grave terminated the ceremony. Kaulbach was a Protestant, and wished to be buried in that manner. As a spectacle it was rather fresh, but as a funeral it was a failure, especially as to sadness.

—Mr. Lionel Levy, proprietor of the Globe Theatre, London, has presented the Duke of Edinburgh, as a wedding gift, a dessert service of solid gold, valued at $20,000. Edinburgh is accepting those things; but what did the Lionel Levy do it for? That is the point.

—Professor Swing, arraigned at Chicago on the charge of heresy, has been acquitted by the ecclesiastical jury before which he was tried. Notice was given that the case would be appealed to the General Assembly, but the professor has saved his prosecuting brethren the trouble and anxiety of another trial by voluntarily withdrawing from the fellowship of the Presbyterian Church. Meanwhile every body is anxious to find out just how much and what kind of "heresy" there may be in his sermons, and his *Truths for To-day*, a collection of his discourses published by Messrs. Jansen, M'Clurg, & Co., in Chicago, is in great demand. This is good for the publishers, and for the readers too.

—In the present Congress there are three Scotchmen, each of whom is, in his way, a man of mark. Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, is one of the strongest debaters on the Democratic side—a stalwart man, always at his post, of unbending integrity, fearless in the discharge of duty, and highly respected by members of both parties. Of Mr. William A. Phillips, of Kansas, less is generally known, but he is a man of high character, and watchful of the interests of his constituents. The third of the trio is Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, of whom it can be truthfully said that no man in the House of Representatives enjoys a larger measure of respect, or whose opinions on matters of finance and business are more eagerly sought. The *Scottish American* says of him, "In the Congressional Directory he is put down as a 'banker,' but he has been better known for many years past as the greatest and wealthiest railroad manager and proprietor in the Western States. He has done much to develop the railroad system of the Northwest, and is known throughout Wisconsin as the 'Scotch Railroad King.' He has the reputation of being a millionaire many times over, and if he should live as long (he is fifty-seven) as his brother monarch, Commodore Vanderbilt, and continue to accumulate wealth as rapidly as he has done for twenty years past, he will yet be one of the most powerful capitalists in the world." Besides being the possessor of great wealth, Mr. Mitchell is a man of intelligence and culture, and in all respects a most agreeable companion and gentleman.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday,	31.—Trinity-Sunday.

JUNE.

Sunday,	7.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.—St. Peter.
Wednesday,	3.—General Synod Reformed Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. De Witt, of the Collegiate Reformed Church, New York loses one of its men of mark. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-two years; was of the Knickerbocker race, his mother being one of the Stuyvesants. He said of himself shortly before his decease, "I have no blood in me but is descended from Holland and French Huguenots." His father was in the French war which gave Canada to the British, and was also a captain in the war of American independence. Dr. De Witt was worthy of such an ancestry. In the year 1827 he became one of the pastors of the Collegiate Reformed Church of New York, and remained in that position till his death, a period of nearly fifty years. Not exceptionally brilliant, but scholarly, pure, and unblemished in character, he commanded the respect and, in later years, the reverence of the Christian people of this city. He was for many years vice-president and president of the New York Historical Society.

On the 21st of May the Presbyterian General Assembly opened its annual session in the city of St. Louis. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Pittsburg, was elected Moderator. This body represents the largest of the Presbyterian communions in the United States, and has under its jurisdiction 35 synods, 172 presbyteries, 4802 congregations, and 472,023 members. It has opened negotiations with the Cumberland Presbyterians for union, which are now in progress. The questions which are expected to come before the Assembly for consideration are, the life tenure of the ruling eldership, the consolidation of the charitable boards so as to reduce their number, the establishment of an official newspaper, and the revision of the hymn-book. The number of commissioners is a little over 600.

The General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church met also on May 21, at Columbus, Mississippi. The Rev. Dr. Girardeau, of Charleston, was elected Moderator. The report of the conference with the Reformed Church was received.

The First Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church adjourned on Tuesday, May 19, after a very harmonious session. The changes made in the ritual were numerous and important. The invitation to the Lord's Supper is so worded as to embrace "our fellow-Christians of other branches of Christ's Church, and all who love our divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in sincerity." The rubric for administering the Communion was finally settled in this form:

"Then shall the minister first receive the Communion himself, and proceed to deliver the same to the ministers assisting, and after that to the people. And before delivering the bread he shall say to all the communicants then around the table,

"'The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for you, preserve your bodies and souls unto everlasting life.'

"And when he delivereth the bread he shall say,

"'Take and eat this bread in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.'"

In the ordination service the word "priest" is changed to "presbyter;" the formula of ordination from "Receive the Holy Ghost" to "Take thou authority for the office," etc. Like changes have been made in the baptismal and confirmation services.

On the closing day the Council was addressed by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., of the Church of the Holy Trinity, who said that he extended to them "the right hand of fellowship in the name of the officers and congregation over which he presided," and that his "congregation was heart and soul with them in the movement."

General Stewart L. Woodford announced that up to the present time all the expenses of the Church had been met by voluntary contributions. For the next year $20,000 would be required, of which $10,000 had been provided; $4600 were subscribed at once in the convention. The next Council will be held in Chicago on the second Wednesday of May, 1875.

In the Austrian Reichsrath the Convents' Bill has passed to a second reading. Two important amendments were adopted, one protecting all inmates of convents in the free exercise of their rights of citizenship, the other instituting a periodic visitation of convents by the state authorities. Count Andrassy has made a very temperate reply to the late papal circular addressed to the Austrian bishops.

The English anniversaries, as our own, begin in May, and continue through the early part of the month. On the 4th the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held in Exeter Hall. There was a crowded attendance. Among the speakers was the Rev. William Morley Punshon. The past year has been one of great prosperity: receipts from all sources, £167,995; expenditures, £166,458. This society sustains missions in the West Indies, South and West Africa, Ceylon, India, China, and the islands of the South Pacific. It was stated in the annual report that over 100,000 people of the Feejee Islands attend Christian worship.

The Baptist Union held its annual meeting on Monday, April 27, at the Mission-House, Holborn. During the year thirty-one new churches have been formed, and thirty-four new chapels erected. The Union reports 1850 pastors in charge, 2000 lay preachers, 250,000 members, and one-third of a million Sunday-school scholars.

The Baptist Missionary Society of England held its annual meeting in London on Thursday, April 30. The gross receipts during the year have been £40,255, and the expenditures £34,640. The society sustains missions in India, Ceylon, China, Africa, West Indies, Norway, Brittany, and Rome. The fact was stated in the report that the number of Baptists in the island of Jamaica is 112,604, out of a total population of 506,154.

The Church Missionary Society held its annual meeting in Exeter Hall on Tuesday, May 5. The Earl of Chichester presided. The total income of the year reached £261,221. In this were included two legacies of over £20,000 each. Addresses were delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Norwich, Ripon, and Athabaska. Among the persons on the platform was Jacob Wainwright, Livingstone's faithful attendant in Africa.

On Tuesday, May 5, the Liberation Society, which has for its object the separation of the church from the state, held a triennial Conference in London. Henry Richard, Esq., M.P., was chairman. Alluding to the fact that the colonies and dependencies of England were every where separating the church and the state, he "brought the house down" by the remark that "the Church of England was getting cold at the extremities." It was resolved to raise a fund of £100,000 for the purposes of the society, and several subscriptions of £5000 each were offered in the meeting, amidst much applause. An important address was made to the Conference by Professor Goldwin Smith. Speaking of himself as a Canadian, he remarked that he believed that the advanced condition of the Canadians was due to the disestablishment of the Church. His plan of disestablishment comprised a restoration of the tithes and glebes to national uses, the church edifices to the parishes, and the cathedrals to the municipalities or cities within which they stand.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The spring of 1874 has been fruitful in disasters which have caused wide-spread suffering. On the ocean, steamers have sunk or been abandoned to their fate; the great Mississippi has burst its barriers, flooding immense sections of country, ruining thousands of persons, and bringing them to the very brink of starvation; a pleasant valley in Massachusetts has been utterly desolated by the bursting of a reservoir; and yet coincident with all these calamities by water, forest fires have been raging. Great conflagrations have occurred in Michigan, extending in various directions, destroying not only standing timber, but great quantities of lumber ready for the market. In Western New York not only forest trees, but barns, farm-houses, and other personal property have been consumed; and very serious losses have occurred in some of the wooded portions of Long Island. Thousands of acres have been swept by the devouring element in the sections of country cut by the Long Island Railroad, causing great destruction of property.

The Mill River disaster will produce one good result: other reservoirs will be examined, and where they are notoriously unsafe the people in the vicinity will demand that something be done for the security of life and property. The report comes from Worcester, Massachusetts, that the North Pond Dam in that city, which confines a much larger body of water than that which wrought such havoc in the villages of Mill River Valley, was pronounced unsafe years ago. Now is the time for reservoirs and dams all over the country to be examined.

A short time ago we were informed by the newspapers that, notwithstanding the cold spring, there would be a larger peach crop than usual. This was a surprise, because usually the public is informed that the peach buds were all killed by early frosts, or late frosts, as the case may be. But no sooner had we commenced rejoicing in the prospect of an abundance of peaches than a cruel report came of a wicked black bug which has appeared in the peach orchards of Maryland and Delaware. No serious damage has yet been done, but much is threatened. Specimens of this black insect will be sent to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, where it is to be hoped measures will be devised for its total destruction.

The great pedestrian undertaking of walking 500 miles in six consecutive days was not quite accomplished by Edward Payson Weston. His failure he attributed to an injury to his foot on the first day of walking, caused by his boot. Nevertheless he walked in all 430 miles in ninety-six hours, fifty-three minutes, and twenty-four seconds, taking forty-seven hours, six minutes, and thirty-six seconds for sleep, eating, and medical treatment.

Baths at Warm Spring Mountain, Virginia, have the following titles and temperatures: Boiler Bath, 110 degrees; Sulphur Bath, 102 degrees; Hot Spout Bath, 108 degrees; Octagon Bath, 100 degrees; Warm Bath, 92 degrees; Ladies' Pleasure Bath (with hygienic effects, like the German Spa), 86 degrees; and Gentlemen's Pleasure Bath, 78 degrees.

Almost every body has heard of "Camp-meeting John Allen," concerning whom the following story is told: He once appointed a meeting in a school-house in Maine, but the day proving stormy, nobody came but the preacher. He concluded to hold a meeting nevertheless, and as he opened the Bible for a text, his eye fell on these words, "And they all forsook Him and fled." After preaching from this appropriate text he gave notice that in four weeks from that day he would preach there again. We are assured by the narrator of this story that although nobody was present to hear this notice, the school-house was crowded four weeks from that day.

One of the latest English inventions is an engine which emits neither smoke nor steam, and makes no noise.

The Emperor Alexander is a quiet man. He wished to be "let alone" as much as possible during his visit to England.

In the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in London, a new method of cleansing wounds is practiced by Dr. Callender. Camel's-hair brushes are used instead of sponges and other materials, and are found much better and safer.

At the commencement of the present year the number of public-houses in St. Petersburg was considerably reduced by government, and a corresponding reduction of liquor shops will take place at Moscow next July. Only about two hundred and forty will continue to be licensed.

"They say" that the "seventeen-year locusts" are already making their way upward toward the surface of the ground, and will probably put in a full appearance some time in June.

Professor Loomis, of Yale College, says that the second month of this spring was the coldest April known in New Haven for the last ninety-six years. From an exchange we learn that in New Hampshire the rural observations made concerning the prevailing inclemency during April may be summed up something as follows: "Uncommon cold"—Farmer John. "Dretful back-'ard"—Farmer Jim. "Never see the like"—Farmer Joe. "Seasons is changin'"—Farmer Jake. "Pesky weather"—Farmer Josh. "Miser'ble doin'"—Farmer Jerry.

Rumor says that Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, will probably visit Ireland next autumn.

Among the art treasures left by Mr. Sumner are superb pieces of Sèvres and Dresden china, valuable specimens of porcelain from ancient English manufactories, rare old vases from China and Japan, many of them being kinds no longer made, and numerous other things which deserve a place in some public museum. These articles were not disposed of by his will in any special way.

If you wish to live to old age you had better arrange to be born a bird! Cases are narrated of an eagle in Vienna that lived to be a hundred and fourteen years old; of a pair of ravens in Shelbourne that have attained the age of ninety: of swans upon the river Thames known to be a hundred and fifty; of a macaw in London, now living, which was alive in 1764; and of a parrot that had passed her hundredth year in 1867, and then died only of exposure to cold in a journey taken on an inclement night. But the question arises, who are the witnesses who testify to the ages of these ancients?

About 225 islands are included in the Feejee group, but only eighty of them are inhabited. Indeed, most of the population is collected upon the two largest of these islands. The present king, Cacoban, ascended the throne in 1871. It is said that the taxes imposed by him are oppressive, and also that he fails to protect his English subjects from the interior natives, who yet retain some unpleasant barbarous habits.

A story is told illustrating the vexatious annoyances and interruptions to which the President is subject. A well-dressed lady lately called at the White House and asked to see the President. She bore a letter from a well-known official, whose name was on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope. Presuming that she had important business, the usher invited her to be seated. "When can I see the President?" "He is with the cabinet, and will be engaged for an hour." "Well, as I have a carriage, and have to pay by the hour, I may as well ride. I will return soon." Prompt on time the lady returned. She was introduced to the President. Her business was to borrow money to pay her hotel bill!

THE MILL RIVER CALAMITY—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DEVASTATED VALLEY.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 473.]

WILLIAMSBURG
SKINNERVILLE
HAYDENVILLE
MILL RIVER
DEPOT

MAY BELLS.

When the brook in silver singing
  Calls the summer day by day,
And the eager grass in springing
  Wooes the vine o'er mosses gray;
Where the moonbeams love to wander,
  And the sunshine longest dwells,
With the dew upon their bosoms
  Grow the pearly white May bells.

Where soft music thrills the heart-strings
  With its wondrous spirit call,
And the gas, without a quiver,
  Watches blushes rise and fall;
Where bright dainty forms are gliding,
  And the laughing ripple swells,
Flashing eyes, where hearts are wasted,
  Lead to other fair May belles.

Spring is lavish in her giving,
  Scatters blossoms far and wide;
From the woodland to the parlor
  May bells chime on every side.
Which are blither in their ringing,
  Which more precious, who can tell?
But all hearts feel sure of winning
  Tender love with each May belle.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"LOVE'S A MIGHTY LORD."

Sir Nugent Bellingham was one of those men who are born and reared amidst pecuniary difficulties, and whose existence is spent upon the verge of ruin. Yet it seems a tolerably comfortable kind of life notwithstanding, and men of Sir Nugent's type hardly realize the meaning of the word deprivation. Sir Nugent had never known what it was to be out of debt. The Bellingham estate was mortgaged up to the hilt when he inherited it. Indeed, to be thus encumbered was the normal condition of all Bellingham property.

Of course Sir Nugent had from time to time possessed money. He hardly could have drifted on so long without some amount of specie, even in such an easy-going world as that patrician sphere in which he revolved. He had inherited a modest fortune from his mother, with which he had paid his creditors something handsome on account all round, and made them his bondslaves for all time to come, since they cherished the hope of something more in the future. Sir Nugent had legacies from an aunt and uncle or two, and these afforded further sops for his Cerberus, and enabled the baronet's dainty little household to sail gayly down the stream of time for some years.

When the amelioration of manners brought bankruptcy within the reach of any gentleman, Sir Nugent Bellingham availed himself of the new code, and became insolvent in an easy, gentleman-like manner. And what with one little help and another, the bijou house in May Fair where Sir Nugent lived with his two motherless girls was always kept up in the same good style; the same dinners—small and *soignés*—the same lively receptions after the little dinners. The best music, the newest books, the choicest hothouse flowers, were always to be found at No. 12 Cavendish Row, May Fair. There were only a dozen houses in Cavendish Row, and Sir Nugent Bellingham's was at the corner, squeezed into an angle made by the lofty wall of Lord Loamshire's garden—one of those dismal, awe-inspiring London gardens, gray and dull and blossomless, which look like a burial-ground without any graves. Seen from the street, No. 12 looked a mere doll's house, but the larger rooms were behind, giving upon Lord Loamshire's garden. It was an irregular old house, full of corners, but, furnished after the peculiar tastes of the two Misses Bellingham, was one of the most charming houses in London. No upholsterer had been allowed to work his will—Madge Bellingham had chosen every item: the chairs and tables, and sofas and cabinets, were the cheapest that could be had, for they were all of unstained light woods, made after designs from Miss Bellingham's own pencil. The cabinets were mere frames for glass doors, behind which appeared the Bellingham collection of bric-à-brac upon numerous shelves covered with dark green silk. Madge's own clever hands had covered the deal shelves; and the bronzes, the Venetian glass, the Sèvres, Copenhagen, Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden porcelains, looked all the better for so simple a setting.

There were no draperies but chintz, the cheapest that could be bought, but always fresh. The looking-glasses had no frame save a natural garland of ivy. The floors were bees-waxed only, a Persian carpet here and there offering accommodation for the luxurious. The one costly object in the two drawing-rooms, after that bric-à-brac upon which the Bellingham race had squandered a small fortune, was the piano, a Broadwood grand, in a case made by a modern workman out of veritable Louis Seize marqueterie. The old ormolu mountings, goats' heads, festoons, and masks had been religiously preserved, and the piano was a triumph of art. It occupied the centre of the back drawing-room, the largest room in the house, and when Madge Bellingham sat before it, girl and piano made a cabinet-picture of the highest school.

"People know we are out at elbows," Madge said to her father, when they began housekeeping in Cavendish Row. "If we have expensive furniture, every one will be sure we haven't paid for it; but if you let me carry out my ideas, the bills will be so light that you can pay them at once."

"I can give the fellows something on account, at any rate," replied Sir Nugent.

Lady Bellingham died soon after the birth of Viola, the second daughter, and Sir Nugent lived the life of a bachelor, for the most part in other people's houses, while his girls were in his sister's nursery or at school. When they grew to womanhood, and a very lovely womanhood—for good looks were hereditary in the Bellingham family—Sir Nugent found it incumbent upon him to provide them with a home; so he took the house in Cavendish Row, and brought home the Bellingham bric-à-brac, which had been left him by the aforesaid aunts and uncles, and lodged at the Pantechnicon pending his settlement in life. He began housekeeping at five-and-forty years of age, and gave his little dinners at home henceforward, instead of at one or other of his clubs, and cherished high hopes of seeing his daughters splendidly established by-and-by.

"I think you have seen enough of what it is to be tormented by a set of harpies to teach you the value of money, Madge," said Sir Nugent one morning, pointing to a small heap of letters which he had just now opened and dismissed with a glance. The harpies in question were his creditors, who expressed an unwarrantable eagerness for something more "on account."

"With your knowledge of life, you are not likely to marry a pauper," pursued Sir Nugent, dipping into a Strasburg pie.

"No, papa, not with my knowledge of life," answered Madge, with ever so slight an upward curl of the firm lip. Miss Bellingham fondly loved her father, but it is possible that respect may have been somewhat lessened by her experience of that financial scramble in which his life was spent.

Two or three evenings before the night which made James Penwyn acquainted with life behind the scenes of a small provincial theatre, Sir Nugent Bellingham gave one of his snug little dinners—a dinner of eight—the guests of choicest brands, like the wines. Lady Cheshunt, one of the most exalted matrons in the great world, kept the Misses Bellingham in countenance. Madge was her pet protégée, whose praises she was never tired of sounding among the chosen ones of the earth. Mr. Albert Noyce, a distinguished wit and *littérateur*, supplied the salt of the banquet. He was a small, mild-looking man, with a pretty, unoffending wife, and dined out perpetually during the London season. Mr. Shinebar, the famous barrister, made a fourth; Lord George Bulrose, a West of England man, a gourmet, and, in so far as after-dinner talk went, a mighty hunter, was the fifth; and Sir Nugent and his two daughters completed the circle.

After dinner there was to be an evening party, and before the small hours of the morning a great many famous people would have dropped in at the corner house in Cavendish Row.

The ladies have retired, leaving Sir Nugent and his chosen friends to talk about law, and horses, and the last new burlesque actress, as they draw closer in to the dainty round table, where the glass sparkles and the deep-hued blossoms brighten under the cluster of wax-lights in the central chandelier.

Viola and Lady Cheshunt go up stairs arm in arm, the girl nestling affectionately against the substantial shoulder of the portly matron. Mrs. Noyce trips lightly after these two, and Madge follows alone, with a grave brow, and that lofty air which so well becomes Sir Nugent Bellingham's elder daughter.

Rarely have sisters been less alike than these two. Viola is a blonde, complexion alabaster, hair the color of raw silk—plenteous flaxen hair—which the girl weaves into a crown of pale gold upon the top of her small head; eyes of liquid turquois blue; figure a thought too slim, but the perfection of grace in every movement and attitude; foot and hand absolutely faultless—altogether a girl to be put under a glass case.

"I should admire the younger Miss Bellingham more if she were a little less like Sèvres china," one of the magnates of society had observed.

Madge is a brunette; hair almost black, and with a natural ripple; complexion a rich olive, through which the warm blood flushes with nature's peerless carmine; eyes darkest hazel; features the true Bellingham type, clearly cut as a profile on an old Roman medal; figure tall and commanding—a woman born to rule, one would say, judging by externals; a woman with the stuff in her to make a general, Sir Nugent was wont to boast. But although of a loftier mould than the generality of women, there was no hardness about Madge Bellingham. In love or in anger she was alike strong. For hate she was too noble.

The rooms were deliciously cool, the light somewhat subdued, the windows open to the warm spring night. There were flowers enough in the small front drawing-room to make it an in-door garden.

The dowager seated herself upon the most comfortable sofa in this room, a capacious, square-backed sofa, in a dusky corner, fenced off and sheltered by a well-filled *jardinière*.

"Come here, Madge," she cried, with good-natured imperiousness; "I want to talk to you. Viola, child, go and amuse yourself with Mrs. Noyce. Show her your photograph album, or *parlez chiffons*. I want Madge all to myself."

Madge obeyed without a word, and squeezed herself into the corner of the sofa, which Lady Cheshunt and Lady Cheshunt's dress almost filled.

"How big you are growing, child! there's hardly room enough for you," remarked the matron. "And now tell me the truth, Madge; what is the matter with you to-night?"

"I don't think there is any thing the matter more than usual, Lady Cheshunt."

"I know better than that. You were dull and *distrait* all dinner-time. True, there was no one to talk to but two married men and that old twaddler, Bulrose; but a young lady should be always equally agreeable—that is one of the fundamental principles of good-breeding."

"If I seemed a little out of spirits you can hardly wonder. Papa's sadly involved state is enough to make me uneasy."

"My dear, your papa has been involved ever since my first season—when my waist was only eighteen inches, and Madame Devy made my gowns. He is no worse off now than he was then, and he will go on being hopelessly involved till the end of the chapter. I don't see why you should be unhappy about it. He will be able to give you and Viola a tolerable home till you marry and make better homes for yourselves, which it is actually incumbent upon you to do."

This was said with a touch of severity. Madge sighed, and the pretty little foot in the satin shoe tapped the ground with a nervous, impatient movement.

"Madge, I hope there is no truth in what I hear about you and Mr. Penwyn."

A deep tell-tale glow burned in Miss Bellingham's cheek. She fanned herself vehemently.

"I can not imagine what you have heard, Lady Cheshunt."

"I have heard your name coupled with Mr. Penwyn's—the poor Mr. Penwyn."

"I only know one Mr. Penwyn."

"So much the worse for you, my dear. You know the wrong one. There is a cousin of that young man's who has a fine estate in Cornwall—the Penwyn estate. You must have heard of that."

"Yes, I have heard Mr. Penwyn speak of his cousin's property."

"Of course. Poor penniless young man! very natural that he should talk of it. Don't suppose that I have no feeling for him. He is next heir to the property, but no doubt the other young man, James Penwyn's son, will marry and have a herd of children. I knew James Penwyn years ago. There were three brothers—George, the eldest, who was in the army, and was killed in a skirmish with some wild Indians in Canada—very sad story; James, who was in the Church, and had a living somewhere near London; and Balfour, who was a lawyer, I believe, whose son you know."

"Yes," sighed Madge.

She had heard the family history from Churchill Penwyn, but the dowager liked to hear herself talk, and did not like to be interrupted.

"Now if by any chance the present James Penwyn, who is little more than a lad, were to die unmarried, Churchill Penwyn would come into the property under his grandfather's will, which left the estate to the oldest surviving son and his children after him. George died unmarried. James left an only son. Churchill is therefore heir-presumptive. But it's a very remote contingency, my love, and it would be madness for you to give it a thought, with your chances."

Madge shrugged her shoulders despondently.

"I don't think my chances are particularly brilliant, Lady Cheshunt."

"Nonsense, Madge. Every body talks of the beautiful Bellinghams. And you refused a splendid offer only the other day—that Mr. Cardingham, the great manufacturer."

"Who had only seen me four times when he had the impudence to ask me to marry him. He was old and ugly, too."

"When the end is a good establishment, one must not look at the means too closely. Poor dear Cheshunt was many years my senior, and no beauty, even in his wig. You must take a more serious view of things, my dear Madge. It will not do for you and your sister to hang fire. The handsomer girls are, the more vital it is for them to go off quickly. A plain little unobtrusive thing may creep through half a dozen seasons, and surprise every body by making a good match at last. But a beauty who doesn't marry soon is apt to get talked about. Malicious people put it down to too much flirtation. And then, my love, consider your milliner's bills! What will they be at the end of a few seasons?"

"Not very much, Lady Cheshunt. I cut out all my own dresses and Viola's too, and our maid runs them together. Viola and I help sometimes, when we can steal a moment from society. I couldn't bear to wear any thing that wasn't paid for."

"Upon my word you are an exemplary girl, Madge," exclaimed Lady Cheshunt, astounded by such Roman virtue. "What a wife you will make!"

"Yes, I think I might make a tolerable wife for a poor man."

"Don't speak of such a thing. You were born for wealth and power. You are bound to make a great marriage—if not for your own sake, for Viola's. See what a poor helpless child she is, sadly wanting in moral stamina. If you had a good establishment she would have a haven of refuge. But if you were to marry badly, what will become of her? She would never be able to manage your papa."

Madge sighed again, and this time deeply. Love for her sister was Madge Bellingham's weakest point. She positively adored the fair fragile girl who had been given into her childish arms eighteen years ago on that bitter day which made her an orphan. There was only four years' difference between the ages of the sisters, yet Madge's affection was almost maternal in its protecting thoughtfulness. To marry well would be to secure a home for Viola. Sir Nugent was but a feeble staff to lean upon.

"I have no objection to marrying well whenever a fair opportunity arises, Lady Cheshunt," she said, firmly; "but I will never marry a man whom I can not respect and like."

"Of course not, my poor pet," murmured the widow, soothingly; "but fortunately there are so many men in the world one can like and respect. It is that foolish sentimental feeling called love which will only fit one person. In the mean time, Madge, take my advice and don't let people talk about you and Mr. Penwyn."

"I don't know why they should talk about us."

"Yes, you do, Madge—in your heart of hearts. You know that you have sat together in corners, and that you have a knack of blushing when he comes into the room. It won't do, Madge; it won't do. That young fellow has nothing except what he can earn himself. I know his mother had a struggle to bring him up, and if he hadn't been an only son, could hardly have brought him up at all. He was a Bluecoat Boy, I believe, or something equally dreadful. It is not to be thought of, Madge."

"I do not think of it, Lady Cheshunt," replied Miss Bellingham, resolutely, "and I wish you would not worry yourself and me about imaginary dangers."

"Your visitors are beginning to come; go and receive them, and leave me in my corner. Mr. Penwyn is to be here, I've no doubt."

"I don't know. He knows that Saturday is our night."

"Mr. Churchill Penwyn," announced a footman at the door of the larger room.

"I thought so," said Lady Cheshunt; "and the first to arrive, too. That looks suspicious."

CHAPTER V.

CHURCHILL PENWYN.

Churchill Penwyn was one of those men who are sure to obtain a certain amount of notice in whatsoever circle they appear; a man upon whom the stamp of good blood or good-breeding had been set in a distinct and palpable manner; a man who had no need for self-assertion.

It would have been difficult for any one to state in what the distinction lay. He was not particularly good-looking. Intellect rather than regularity of feature was the leading characteristic of his countenance. Already, though he was still on the sunward side of his thirtieth birthday, the dark brown hair grew thinly upon the broad high brow, showing signs of premature baldness. His features were sharply cut, but by no means faultless, the mouth somewhat sunken, the lips thin. His light gray eyes had a keen, cold lustre—only those who saw Churchill Penwyn in some rare moment of softer feeling knew that those severe orbs could be beautiful. Mr. Penwyn was a barrister, still in the up-hill stage of his career. He got an occasional brief, went on circuit assiduously, and did a little in the literature of politics—a hard, dry kind of literature, but fairly remunerative when he got it to do. He had contributed hard-headed statistical papers to the *Edinburgh* and the *Westminster*, and knew a good deal about the condition of the operative classes. He had lectured in some of the northern manufacturing towns, and knew the Black Country by heart. People talked of him as a young man who was sure to make his mark by-and-by; but by-and-by might be a long way off. He would be fifty years of age, perhaps, before he had worked his way to the front.

Churchill Penwyn went a great deal into society, when it is considered how hard and how honestly he worked; but the houses in which he was to be found were always houses affected by the best people. He never wasted himself among second-rate circles. He was an excellent art critic; knew enough about music to talk of it cleverly, though he had hardly the faculty of distinguishing one tune from another; waltzed like a Viennese; rode like a centaur; spoke three Continental languages perfectly. It was his theory that no man should presume to enter society who could not do every thing that society could require him to do. Society was worth very little in itself, according to Churchill Penwyn, but a man owed it to himself to be admired and respected.

"I see a good many men who go into the world to stare about them through eyeglasses," said Churchill. "If I couldn't do any thing more than that, I should spend my evenings in my own den."

Churchill Penwyn went into the gay world with a definite aim—some of the people he met must needs be useful to him sooner or later.

Ohne Hast, ohne Rast—without haste, without rest—was his motto. He had it engraved on his signet-ring instead of the Penwyn crest. He was never in a hurry. While striving for success, he had the air of a man who had already succeeded. He occupied a couple of dingy rooms in the Temple, and lived like an anchorite, but his tailor and boot-maker were among the best in London, and he was a member of the Traveler's and the Garrick. He was to be seen sometimes lunching at his club, and occasionally entertained a friend at luncheon, but he rarely dined there, and was never seen to drink any thing more costly than a pint of La Rose or Medoc. No man had ever mastered the art of economy more thoroughly than Churchill Penwyn, and yet he had never laid himself open to the charge of meanness.

Miss Bellingham received him with a bright look of welcome despite the dowager's warning, and their hands met, with a gentle pressure on Churchill's part. Viola was discreetly occupied in showing Mrs. Noyce a new photograph, and only gave the visitor a bow and a smile. So he had a fair excuse for seating himself next Madge on the divan by the fire-place, where there was just room for those two.

"I did not think you would come to-night," said Madge, opening and shutting her large black fan, with a slightly nervous movement.

"Why not?"

"I saw your name in the paper at Halifax, or somewhere, hundreds of miles away."

"I was at Halifax the day before yesterday,

but I would not miss my Saturday evening here. You see I have come a quarter of an hour in advance of your people, so that I might have you to myself for a few minutes."

"It is so good of you," faltered Madge; "and you know I am always glad."

"I should be wretched if I did not know it."

This was going further than Mr. Penwyn's usual limits. The man was the very soul of prudence. No sweet words, no tender promises, had ever passed between these two, and yet they knew themselves beloved. Madge knew it to her sorrow, for she was fain to admit the wisdom of the dowager's warning. It would never do for her to marry Churchill Penwyn.

Happily for her, up to this time Churchill had never asked her to be his wife.

"He is too wise," she said to herself, with the faintest touch of bitterness—"too much a man of the world."

But that this man of the world loved her she was very sure.

For just ten minutes they sat side by side, talking of indifferent things, but only as people talk who are not quite indifferent to each other. And then more visitors were announced. Sir Nugent and his friends came up stairs, the rooms began to fill. Musical people arrived. A German with long rough hair, bony wrists, and an eyeglass seated himself at the piano, and began a performance of so strictly classical a character that he had the enjoyment of it all to himself, for nobody else listened. Minor chords chased one another backward and forward about the middle of the piano as if they were hunting for the melody and couldn't find it. Little runs and arpeggio passages went under and over each other still searching for the subject, and finally gave up the quest in utter despair, appropriately expressed by vague grumblings in the bass, which slowly faded into silence. Whereupon every one became enthusiastic in their admiration.

After this a young lady in pink sang an airy little *chanson*, with elaborate variations—using her bright soprano voice as freely as if she had been Philomel trilling her vespers in the dusky woods of June. And then Madge Bellingham sat down to the piano, and played—played as few young ladies play—as if her glad young soul were in the music.

It was only a Hungarian march that she played. There were no musical fire-works—no difficulties conquered; none of those passages which make the listeners exclaim, "Poor girl; how she must have practiced!" It was but a national melody—simple and spirit-stirring—played as if the soul of a patriot were guiding those supple fingers. The graceful figure was bent a little over the key-board, the dark eyes followed the swift flight of the hands over the keys. She seemed to caress the notes as she struck them—to play with the melody. Pride, love, hope, rage—every passion expressed itself by turns as she followed that wild strange music through the mazes of its variations, never losing the subject. It sounded like the war-cry of a free people. Even Churchill Penwyn, who in a general way cared so little for music, listened entranced to this. He could hardly have recalled the air half an hour later, but for the moment he was enchanted. He stood a little way from the instrument, watching the player, watching the beautiful head, with its dark rippling hair wound into a Greek knot at the back; the perfect throat, with its classic necklet of old Wedgwood medallions set in plainest gold; the drooping lashes, as the downcast eyes followed the flying touch. To hear Madge play was delightful, but to see her was still better. And this man's love had all the strength of a passion repressed. He had held himself in check so long, and every time he saw her he found her more and more adorable.

The evening wore on. People came in and out. Madge played the hostess divinely, always supported by Lady Cheshunt, who sat in the smaller drawing-room as in a temple, and had all the best people brought to her. Some came to Cavendish Row on their way somewhere else, and were careful to let their acquaintance know that they were "due" at some very grand entertainment, and made rather a favor of coming to Sir Nugent. The last of the guests went about half an hour after midnight, and among the last Churchill Penwyn.

"May I bring you that book after church to-morrow?" he asked. The book was a comedy of Augier's, lately produced at the Français, which he had been telling her about.

Madge looked embarrassed. She had a particular wish to avoid a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Penwyn, and Sunday was an awkward day. Sir Nugent would be at Hurlingham, most likely, and Viola was such a foolish little thing, almost as bad as nobody.

"If you like," she answered. "But why take the trouble to call on purpose? You might bring it next Saturday, if you come to us."

"I shall bring it you to-morrow," he said, as they shook hands.

That tiresome Viola was in a hopeless state of headache and prostration next morning, so Madge had to go to church alone. Coming out of the pretty little Anglican temple she found herself face to face with Churchill Penwyn. He had evidently been lying in wait for her.

"I was so afraid I might not find you at home," he said, half apologetically, "so I thought I might as well walk this way. I knew this was your church. I've brought you the play we were talking about."

"You're very kind, but I hope you don't think I read French comedies on Sundays."

"Of course not; only Sunday is my leisure day, and I thought you would not shut your door upon me even on Sunday."

The church was only five minutes' walk from Cavendish Row. When Sir Nugent's door was opened, Mr. Penwyn followed Miss Bellingham into the house as a matter of course. She had no help for it but to go quietly up stairs to her fate. She almost knew what was coming. There had been something in his manner last night that told her it was very near.

"Prudence, courage," she whispered to herself, and then, "Viola!" The last word was a kind of charm.

The rooms looked bright and gay in the noontide sunlight, tempered by Spanish blinds. The flowers, the feminine prettiness scattered about, struck Churchill's eye, they gave such a look of home.

"If I could afford to give her as good a home as this!" he thought.

He shut the door carefully behind him, and glanced round the room to make sure they were alone, and went close to Madge as she stood by one of the small tables, fidgeting with the clasp of her prayer-book.

"I think you know why I came to-day," he said.

"You have told me about three times—to bring me *La Quarantaine*."

"I have come to tell you a secret I have kept more than a year. Have you never guessed it, Madge? Have I been clever enough to hide the truth altogether? I love you, dearest. I, penniless Churchill Penwyn, dare to adore one of the belles of the season. I, who can not for years to come offer you a house in May Fair. I, who at most must venture to begin married life in a Bloomsbury lodging, supported by the fruits of my pen. It sounds like madness, doesn't it?"

"It is madness," she answered, looking full at him with her truthful eyes.

The answer surprised and humiliated him. He fancied she loved him, would be ready to face poverty for his sake. She was so young, and would hardly have acquired the wisdom of her world yet awhile.

"I beg your pardon," he said, a curious change coming over his face, a sudden coldness, that made those definite features look as if they had been cut out of stone. "I have been deceiving myself all along, it seems. I did not think I was quite indifferent to you."

The eyelids drooped over the dark eyes for a moment, and were then lifted suddenly, and the eyes met Churchill's. That one look told all. She loved him.

"I have been learning to know the world while other girls are allowed to dream," she said. "I know what the burden of debt means. Poverty brings debt as a natural sequence. If you were a wood-cutter and we could live in a hovel and pay our way, there would be nothing appalling in marriage. But our world will not let us live like that. We must play at being fine ladies and gentlemen while our hearts are breaking and our creditors being ruined. Ever so long ago I made up my mind that I must marry a rich man. If I have ever seemed otherwise to you than a woman of the world, bent upon worldly success, I humbly beg you to forgive me."

"Madge," cried Churchill, passionately, "I will forgive any thing if you will only be frank. Were my luck to turn speedily, through some unlooked-for professional success, for instance, would you have me then?"

"If I stood alone in the world, if I had not my sister to consider, I would marry you to-morrow. Yes, though you were a beggar," she answered, grandly.

He clasped her to his breast and kissed those proud lips—the first lover's kiss that had ever rested there.

"I will be rich for your sake, distinguished for your sake," he said, impetuously, "if wealth and fame are within the reach of man's effort."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Signal Service Weather Review for April states that the weather of April has been distinguished by the prevalence of extraordinary rain-fall throughout the Southern and Middle States, and equally unusual snows in New England and in Colorado. The courses pursued by the storms have on the average been much to the southward of their tracks in previous years. The average barometric pressure is unusually high throughout the northern sections of the country. Vegetation is every where reported as from ten to twenty days behind its usual condition at the end of the month. Severe floods have been reported from all the tributaries of the Mississippi River, and the result has been the disastrous overflow throughout Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, that is estimated to have destroyed property equivalent to one-sixth of the annual produce of those regions. Thirteen extensive storms have been recorded, besides numerous local ones. One hundred and fifty-three cautionary signals have been displayed, of which one hundred and fourteen are considered to have been verified. The average temperature has been the coldest on record in New England and the Middle States. A very remarkable aurora was observed at fifty stations on the 7th. The frost of the morning of the 30th was felt from Florida to New York, and is one of the latest on record in the Southern States.

The report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of California for the years 1872-73 has just been published, giving an account of the measures taken to introduce valuable food fishes into the State. As the State abounds in salmon and trout in great variety, the action of the Commissioners in regard to the salmonidæ was restricted to the introduction of brook trout from the Eastern States, which, even if not superior in flavor to the native species, were yet interesting to those who had been accustomed to capture them in their younger days.

The report also gives a history of the aquarium car experiment under the charge of Mr. Livingston Stone. This consisted in fitting out a large car with tanks and other appliances for the transfer of a great variety of Eastern fish, such as black bass, trout, tautog, eels, yellow perch, lobsters, oysters, etc. Every thing promised to be a satisfactory success, until the occurrence of an accident to the train when crossing the Elkhorn River, in Nebraska, by breaking through a bridge, and the consequent precipitation of the car and its contents into that stream.

This, of course, stopped the experiment for a time. But Mr. Stone, being supplied with 35,000 young shad by the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, succeeded in depositing them, without loss, in the Sacramento.

Something was also done in the way of transferring white-fish, also furnished by the United States. The Commissioners announced their intention of renewing the aquarium car experiment during the present year, under the direction of Mr. Stone, and we hope, in due time, to chronicle its complete success.

In the early part of the year 1874, in the canton of Schaffhausen, some children, when on a botanical excursion, made the interesting discovery of a bone cave near Thaingen, full of bones and flint implements, which were subjected to the criticism of Dr. Keller. Among these were numerous bones bearing drawings executed with a sharp flint, one of which was that of a reindeer browsing, remarkable for precision of drawing and delicacy of execution. According to M. Bertrand, these remains must be over 4000 years old; and he suggests that the contribution of the troglodyte populations of Gaul to European civilization may have been the arts of design.

The Fish Commissioners of Rhode Island have just published their fourth annual report, made to the General Assembly at its session of January, 1874. They announce a satisfactory condition of the interior fisheries of the State, in view of the fact that a number of ponds have been stocked with black bass, and that a further supply of young shad, salmon, and trout has been placed in the three principal streams of the State, and a fish-way completed over the dam at the mouth of the Pawcasset. There is also a wholesome improvement in the interest of the public in regard to the whole subject.

Of salmon 66,000 young fish were hatched and introduced, with moderate loss; and of shad 155,000 were planted in the Warren River.

The annual report of the State Geologist of New Jersey for 1873, which has just appeared, contains a notice of the work done by Professor Cook, the chief geologist, and his assistants. This embraces the result of surveys of various portions of the State for the purpose of determining their mineral products, the survey of the northern boundary of the State, and various measures connected with the drainage of submerged lands. A geological map on a large scale of the northern half of the State accompanies the volume, and forms a valuable contribution both to the geology and geography of New Jersey.

Professor Cook calls attention to the extensive use made during these surveys of the dipping-needle for determining the location of concealed beds of iron ore, this, in his opinion, being a valuable adjunct, and capable of practical application.

The first report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Ohio, for the year ending December 31, 1873, has just been published, signed by Messrs. John H. Klippart and John Hussey. The Commissioners refer to the various influences that have produced the decrease in the supply of fish in the State, and recommend measures for their restoration, the chief of which are the forbidding of the introduction of coal-tar into the rivers; providing fish-ways over the dams, so that the different species may reach their spawning ground; preventing the indiscriminate seining of fish in season and out of season; and the employment of proper measures for the artificial multiplication of certain kinds, especially of the white-fish of the lakes, the black bass, the lake white bass, and the yellow perch. They recommend that the numerous reservoirs for providing slack-water navigation be used as breeding grounds for fish, as furnishing a vast amount of food for the young fry, and being more or less under the entire control of the State.

The great paucity in species of native mammals in the island of Cuba, and the West Indies generally, is a remarkable fact, a recent catalogue by the well-known Cuban naturalist, Dr. Gundlach, giving but twenty-four species, of which nineteen consist of various species of bats. One is a *Solenodon*, belonging to the insectivora, three are species of *Capromys*, a form of hystricine rodents, allied to the agoutis, and one, the manatee. All the species, with the exception of the manatee (which really belongs to the waters and not to the land), are extremely diminutive. Nor is there any reason to suppose that at the time of the discovery by the Spaniards there were more kinds or of larger size. It is probable, however, that at one geological period the West Indies were connected with the continent, or formed a large area; and certain paleontological indications show that at one time the fauna was more varied. Quite a number of large species of fossil mammalia have been described by Professor Cope, and doubtless others yet remain to be discovered.

No. 53 of the publications of the United States Hydrographic Office, in the Bureau of Navigation, consists of a memoir upon the Cape Verd Islands, translated from the French of Captain Philippe de Kerhallet and A. Gras, with additions to the present date by William H. Parker, of the United States Navy. This is in continuation of the series of similar coast pilots already begun by the Navy Department, and promising to be of so much service.

A German society of natural history and anthropology for East Asia has just completed its first year of existence. Its head-quarters are at Tokio, in Japan, and it numbers fifty-two members, viz., twenty in Tokio, twenty-three in Yokohama, seven in Hiogo, and two in Singapore. The German minister for Japan is its president, and Dr. Müller vice-president. It has already published a volume of Proceedings containing much interesting matter.

A report by Professor Henry Wurtz upon the water supply of the cities of New York and Jersey City has just been published in the *American Chemist*, and among the conclusions reached by him is the recommendation that the Morris Canal above Paterson be made use of as a water supply, the water being extremely pure, much more so than that above the falls at Paterson. The waters in the water-shed of Hopatcong and the Rockaway above Dover would both yield a daily supply of at least 80,000,000 gallons, in purity equal to any in the world.

News has been received in Berlin to the 5th of February from Drs. Rohlfs and Acherson, engaged in exploring the Libyan Desert, and at the time they were spending several days at the oasis of Dachel, whence they were about to cross the desert to the oasis of Kufra. The principal difficulty was the entire absence of forage for the fifty camels connected with the expedition, which had to be brought from Siut and transported on their backs.

Much interest was excited some time ago by the announcement by Professor Owen of his discovery, in the London Sheppey clay, of the skull of a bird provided with distinct tooth processes along the edges of each jaw, and which was named by him *Odontopteryx toliapicus*. In the November number of the Journal of the Zoological Society of London Professor Owen's paper appears, with full illustrations, showing the species to possess very remarkable characteristics. The dentary projections, which are processes of the bone, are from three to four lines in length, and the larger ones were probably about ten or twelve in number on each side of each jaw.

Although in some respects this bird resembles the gannets and the geese, it is altogether unique, and not to be referred to any class. There is no doubt, however, in Professor Owen's mind that it was a warm-blooded biped, with wings, and that it was web-footed, and probably a fish-eater; and that, in the capture of its slippery prey, it was aided by this armature of the jaws.

This bird is not to be confounded with the *Ichthyornis* of Professor Marsh, which, indeed, is still more abnormal, in the fact that the teeth, instead of being merely processes of the jaw-bone, such as are seen to some extent in birds like the merganser, are actually implanted in distinct sockets.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Civil Damage Law.—While a Brooklyn lawyer was busily engaged in his library lately, arranging and classifying books, a green Dutchman came in and inquired, "Os dis a lawyer's office?" "Yes." "Vell, den, dot's shust who I gomes to see. Dis is gase 'bout a lawsuit vot I'm goin' to git mit Hofferer. I pays six dollars for dis hat" (holding out his demolished plug) "in New York, and fifty zents for bring him up, und dot veller Rosecrans sots on him and smashes him older as a two-years-old hat vot ain't one dollar wort, and if Hofferer don't settle mit Rosecrans, den I vill sharge him six dollars for der hat, fifty zents for bring him up, und six dollars for dis insult, and sue him for de gost." "What had Hofferer to do with it?" "Vy, Hofferer is de veller vot sell him der veesky vot make him couldn't stand up. But I vill speak mit Hofferer vust, und den I vill gone back und speak mit you 'bout it some more again."

A noisy Piece of Crockery—The cup that cheers.

At a public gathering lately one of the gentlemen present was called upon for a speech, and this is how he responded: "Gentlemen and women, I ain't no speecher. More'n twenty years back I came here a poor idiot boy, and now what are I?"

Why is your shadow like false friends?—Because it follows you only in sunshine.

A chap at Napoleon, Arkansas, who was drinking at a counter, and withal being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents down his shirt, and then set the glass down with the exclamation, "That's good, but a little too much ice, Mr. Bar-keeper."

California agriculturists are going largely into ginger. They haven't got much beyond the first syllable yet, but hope to do so when their plants ger-minate.

The secret of the Massachusetts disgust for liquor-sellers is out. The compound sold there is worse than Jersey lightning. It is flavored with onions, tobacco, raisins, and, most harmless of all, water. No wonder that legislators who have been imposed upon by this sort of stuff want it prohibited!

IRISH PROVERBS.

By the Cove of Cork.

Men of straw don't make the best bricks.

It's a narrow bed that has no turning.

When money is sent flying out of the window, it's poverty that comes in at the door.

The pig that pleases to live must live to please.

One man may steal a hedge, whereas another daren't even as much as look at a horse.

Short rents make long friends—and it holds good equally with your landlord and your clothes.

The mug of a fool is known by there being nothing in it.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions has not yet sprouted.

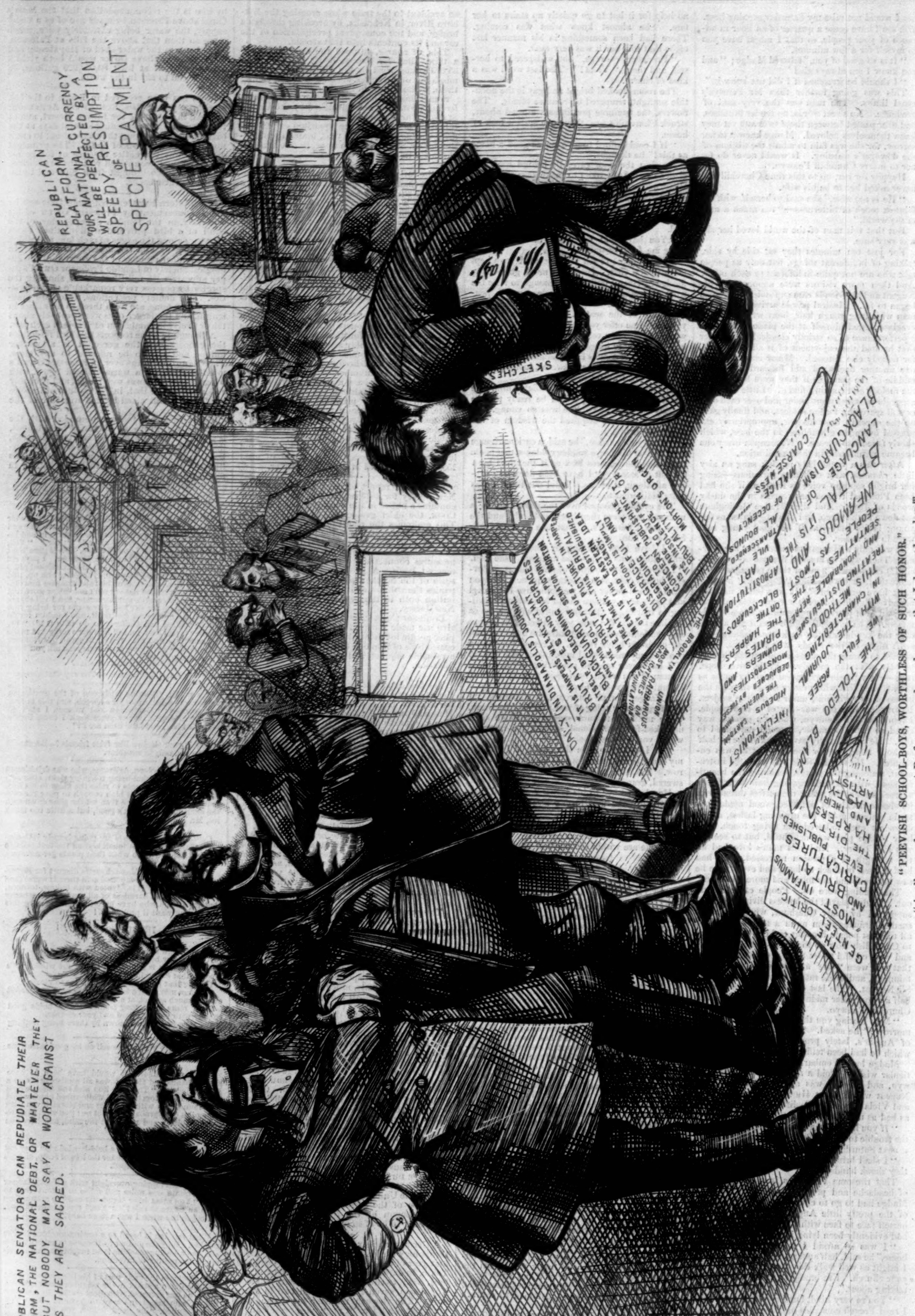
"How much better it would have been to have shaken hands and allow it was all a mistake!" said a Detroit judge. "Then the lion and the lamb would have lain down together, and white-robed peace would have fanned you with her wings and elevated you with her smiles of approbation. But no; you went to clawing and biting and rolling in the mud, and here you are. It's five dollars apiece."

When the Indians catch a bald-headed man they cut off his ears to compensate for the loss of scalp, and it's about as well to be scalped.

A traveler stopping overnight with a Texan farmer whose estate was miles and miles in extent, said to him, "You must have begun life early to accumulate such an estate as this?" "Yes," replied the farmer, "I began life when I was a mere baby."

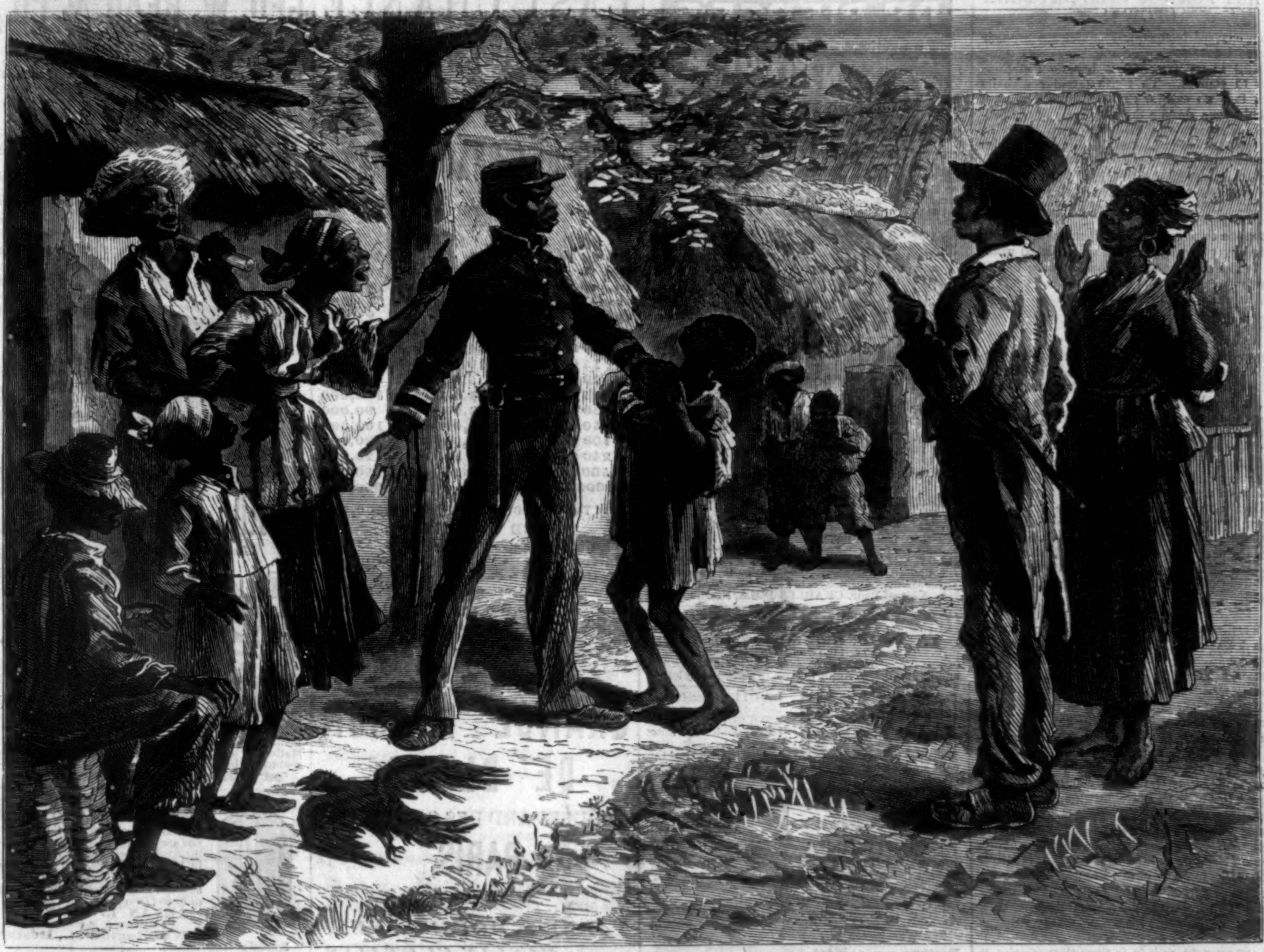
What relation is bread to a sewing-machine?—The mother. Why the mother?—Because bread is a necessity and a sewing-machine is an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.

As Foote, in the early part of his life, was one night walking down a street in the neighborhood of Oxford Road, he was accosted, with great civility, by a shabby fellow, who asked the way to Tyburn. To which Foote replied, "My good fellow, you have only to rob the first person you meet, and you'll find your way easily." The fellow very heartily thanked him for his advice, and presenting a pistol, ordered him to deliver his money on pain of having his brains blown out. With this injunction he was obliged to comply, though to his great mortification, as he lost his money and his jest, and was punished for his unkind reply when asked "the way."



"PEEVISH SCHOOL-BOYS, WORTHLESS OF SUCH HONOR."

"Apollos, pardon my great Profaneness; oh, pardon me, that I descend so low!"



"WHAT FOR YOU KILL DAT JOHN CROW?"—FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED TRAUBLE.—[SEE PAGE 482.]

THE JUNE-FISH—A MARKET SCENE IN DEMERARA.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED TRAUBLE.—[SEE PAGE 482.]

"WHAT FOR YOU KILL DAT JOHN CROW?"

The buzzard is the most effective scavenger known. Its stomach accommodates every thing that falls in its way, and it has no fastidious tastes to consult. To those familiar with its habits, it is no wonder that the streets of most tropical towns, despite the untidiness of the people, are free from offal of every description. In consequence of its usefulness in this way, "John Crow," as it is called by the natives in Jamaica, enjoys the protection of the law, and to kill one is a serious offense, punishable by fine or imprisonment. Hence the dismay of the youthful culprit in our sketch on page 481. He can't find his tongue to answer the policeman's question, or the angry accusation of the old colored woman; for he already sees himself atoning for his crime by breaking stone under the shadow of the massive walls of Kingston Jail.

THE JUNE-FISH.

Although the June-fish is said to have a ravenous appetite for human flesh, and to be in the habit of indulging its taste upon every opportunity, it is very popular as an article of food among the natives on the coasts of Central and South America. Indeed, European palates do not object to it when prepared by a skillful cook. Unpleasant reflections vanish at the first taste of the savory dish, for it must be allowed that it possesses a most delicate flavor.

When a June-fish is caught there is a jubilee among the poorer classes, for it is sold at a cheap rate. Persons of all shades, white, yellow, brown, and black, throng the fish-monger's stand, as shown in our illustration on page 481, and hustle and crowd each other in their haste to get served.

It is really worth making a visit to the warerooms of Starr & Marcus, at No. 22 John Street (up stairs), to see what marvelously new and lovely effects have been produced, and are daily producing, by the new applications of chemistry to the goldsmith's art. One sighs to think what miracles of beauty might have been wrought with these processes by the great masters of Italy and Germany in this art, had they been discovered three centuries ago. And yet the fountains of fancy are by no means exhausted; and there are indications in the constantly increasing collection of which we speak that brighten the future with promise. Take for example a coffee-pot recently designed and executed by this house for an accomplished virtuoso of this city. Never had the mystic and beneficent genie of the Arabian berry a fitter habitation. It is almost a profanation to speak of this slender, graceful Saracenic vase as a "pot." Isabella's "pot of basil" was less poetic. The delicate and fantastic diapered work of the chasing belongs to the best school of Arabesque—or, to speak more exactly, of Mauresque—decoration; and wrought, as it is, in three tints of color, it gives to the silver almost the rich, subdued effect of the rarest Oriental porcelains. When applied to bracelets, brooches, lockets, chatelaines, and the thousand and one exquisite adjuncts of a modern lady's costume, which can be made of silver and of gold, these chemical processes can bring the sheen and shimmer of the precious metals into hitherto unattainable harmony with the most delicate effects of the most etherial hues in the daintiest fabrics of the loom. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that a woman of taste and fancy can now match her jewelry not only with her most diaphanous and airy as well as with her most sumptuous robes, but with the seasons of the year, and almost with the hours of the day.—[*Com.*]

DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

"The Blood is the Life." When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how virulent poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumours, etc.; but as all these various appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by a uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will all return to us. For this purpose Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets are pre-eminently the articles needed. They are warranted to cure Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Scald Head, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Rash, or Erysipelas, Ring-Worms, Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Rough Skin, Scurf, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Fever Sores, White Swellings, Tumors, Old Sores or Swellings, Affections of the Skin, Throat, and Bones, and Ulcers of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Lungs.

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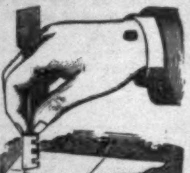

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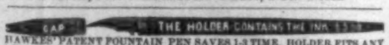

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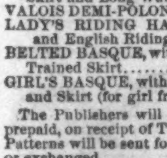

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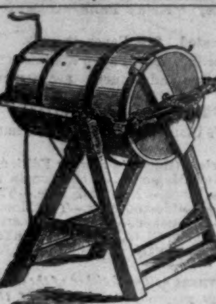

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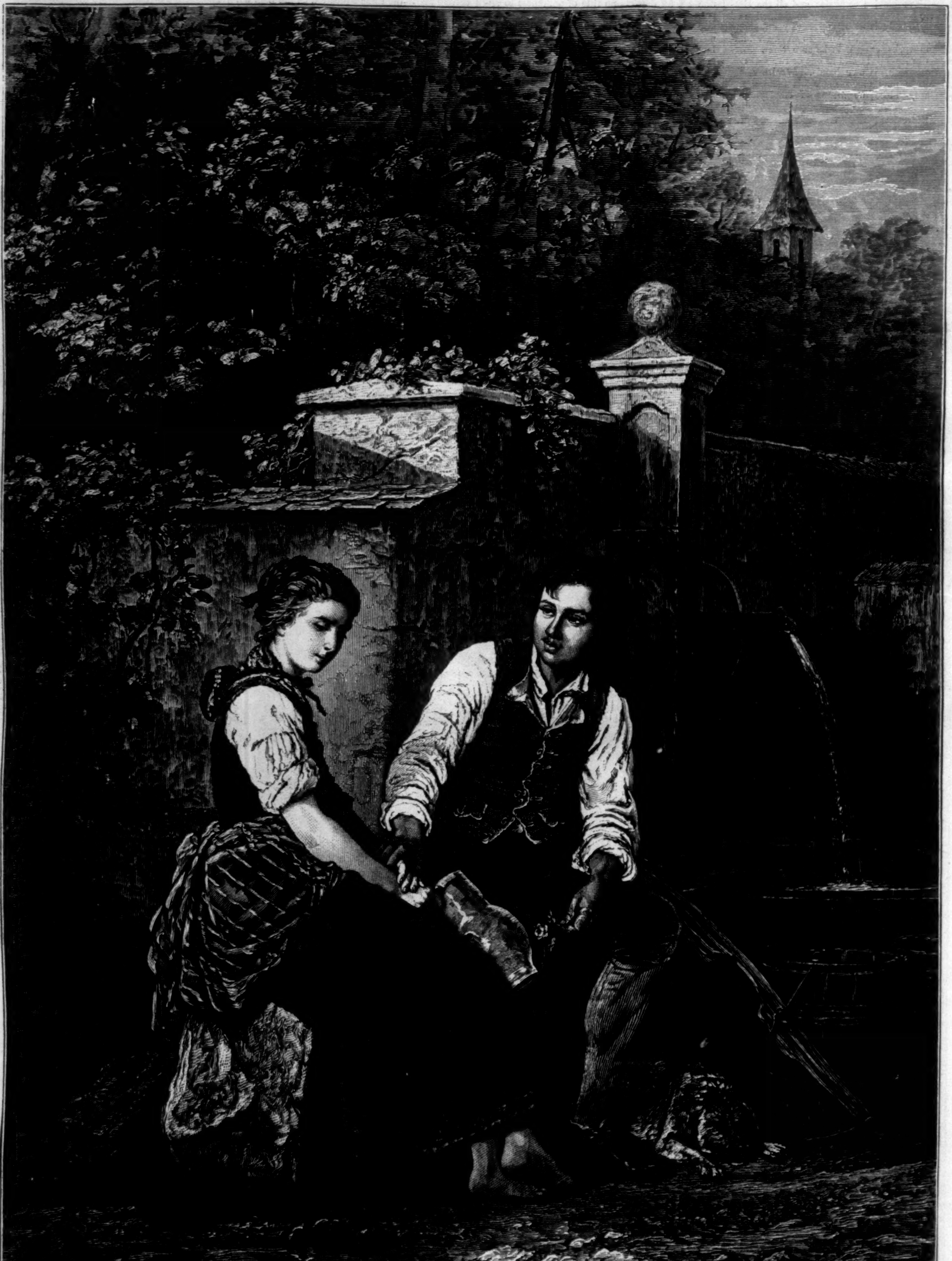
ICELANDIC MANNERS.

MANNERS are simple in Iceland, as indeed in all the Scandinavian countries, and all the simpler here because there is really no distinction of ranks. Nobody is rich, and hardly any body abjectly poor; every body has to work for himself, and works (except, to be sure, a few store-keepers in Reykjavík and at one or two spots on the coast) with his own hands. Wealth would not raise a man much above his fellows, and there are, indeed, no means of employing it except in supplying a house with what would be thought in this country indispensable comforts. Wealth, therefore, is not greatly coveted (although the Icelander likes a good bargain, especially in horseflesh), and an air of cheerful contentment reigns. The farm servant scarcely differs from the farmer, and probably, if a steady fellow, ends by marrying the farmer's daughter and getting a farm himself. There is no title of respect, save Herra to the bishop and Sira to a priest; not even such a title as Mr. or Mrs., or Esquire. If you go to call for a lady, you tap at the door and ask if Ingibjorg or Valgerðr is in; or, if you wish to give her her full name, Ingibjorg Thorvaldsdottir, or Eiriksdottir, or Bjarnardottir, as the case may be, for there is no title of politeness to apply. Her name, moreover, is her own name, unchanged from birth to death; for as there are no surnames or family names among the Icelanders, but only Christian names, there is no reason for a wife assuming her husband's name, and she is Thorvaldsdottir after her marriage with Guðmundr just as before, while her children are Guðmundsson and Guðmundsdottir. When such a concession is made to the rights of women, it is a little surprising to find that she is in any other respect treated as an inferior, not usually sitting down to table with the men of the family, but waiting on them, and dining separately. Otherwise, however, women seem sufficiently well off, having full rights of property, and riding valorously about the country wherever they will; and we could not hear that there was any movement for their emancipation, or indeed for social reform of any kind, though, to be sure, imperfect knowledge of the language restricted our inquiries. In one regard the women of Iceland have obtained a completer equality than their sisters in continental Europe. They receive exactly the same education as the men do. There are no schools in the island naturally, as families live mostly a dozen miles apart, and instruction is therefore given by the father to his sons and daughters alike and together, the priest—where there is a priest—sometimes adding a little Latin or Danish. Thus the girl learns all her parents can teach her, and is as good an arithmetician and as familiar with the Sagas as her brothers. Accomplishments, of course, are pretty well out of the question: painting, not only from the difficulty of procuring the materials, but because there is really nothing to paint; dancing, because you can seldom gather a sufficiently large party, and have no rooms big enough; instrumental music, on account of the impossibility of transporting a piano over rocks and bogs on the back of a pony. Nevertheless, we found in a remote house (a good wooden house, by-the-way) upon the coast, where we were hospitably entertained for a day and night, not only a piano, but several young ladies who could play excellently on it and a guitar, accompanying themselves to songs in four or five languages, the Swedish, as we thought, the prettiest of all. They lived in the most desolate spot imaginable—the sea roaring in front on a long strand; inland, a plain of dreary bog, and behind it, miles away, grim shapeless mountains. They had no neighbors within ten or fifteen miles, and told us they were often without a visitor for months together. But they were as bright and cheerful as possible; and though they did not respond to the suggestion of a dance, they sang and played to two of us all evening long in the tiny drawing-room, while the storm howled without; and their worthy father (who was a sort of general merchant for that part of the island) and the lord-lieutenant of the county, who had dropped in from his house thirty or forty miles off, brewed noble bowls of punch, and held forth to our third comrade, in a strange mixture of tongues, upon the resources of Iceland and the prospects of opening, by means of foreign capital, a flourishing trade in sulphur.

KEPT IN AT RECESS.



AT THE WELL.

THE YOUNG MISSIONARY'S FIRST CONVERT.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 488.]